POETRY

Made Familiar and Eaſy to

Young GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

AND

Embelliſh'd with a great Variety of the moſt ſhining *Epigrams*, *Epitaphs*, *Songs*, *Odes*, *Paſtorals*, &c. from the beſt Authors.

BEING

The FOURTH VOLUME

OF

the CIRCLE of the SCIENCES, &c.

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By the KING's *Royal Licence.*

To the Honourable

Maſter EDMUND BOYLE,

Son to the Right Honourable
JOHN, Earl of ORRERY.

THIS

ART of POETRY

Is humbly Inſcribed

BY

His moſt obedient Servants,

The EDITORS

7 FE 67

The PREFACE.

AS every Branch of Literature, of what Nature or Kind ſoever, ſhould be rendered an agreeable Amuſement to young Minds, rather than a ſerious Occupation, we ſhall make it our principal Aim, throughout our LITTLE CIRCLE, *to ſtrew (if we may be indulged the Expreſſion) the Path to Knowledge, as it were, with Roſes, and to render This and every* Future Attempt *as uſeful and entertaining as poſſible.*

The DESIGN *of the following Sheets is to give our* Britiſh *Youth a tranſient Idea of* Engliſh *Poeſy; and therefore, not to anticipate their Pleaſure too much, we ſhall here only juſt touch upon the Antiquity, Nature and Beauty of that* ART *which we have endeavour'd to diſplay in the*

moſt familiar Manner, and to recommend by a Variety of beautiful Quotations from our politeſt and moſt approved Poets.

Without any farther Apology, therefore, we ſhall now proceed to the Point in hand.

POETRY, then, according to the Opinion of the late celebrated and juſtly admired Monſ. Rollin, *is an Art as ancient as the World, and derives its Source from Nature herſelf. Its peculiar (if not its only) Taſk in the earlieſt Ages of the World, was to celebrate the Praiſes of the* GREAT AUTHOR *of the Univerſe. This was the noble Uſe that the* Iſraelites *of old made of it, who were* GOD's *peculiar People. The Nations, however, who forſook the Lord of Life, and ungratefully deſpis'd him,*

him, to purſue their own perverſe and wicked Ways, ſoon transferred to the meaneſt Objects that Tribute of Adoration which was due only to the ALMIGHTY.

At length, through the moſt deplorable Blindneſs, it was ſtill farther debaſed, and made Uſe of to paint, in the moſt lively and agreeable Colours, the then reigning Vices of the Age, and to render the moſt infamous Paſſions more amiable than Virtue itſelf. — Amazing Stupidity! moſt fatal Conſequences of the ſhameful Depravity of Mankind!

Notwithſtanding the Greeks, *and the* Romans *after them, made much the ſame deplorable Uſe of this* DIVINE ART, *yet they preſerved a clear and diſtinct Notion of its true Character; for they required of their*

Poets a Fertility of Invention, a Nobleneſs of Sentiment, and the moſt ſublime Expreſſion; they required, in ſhort, an Enthuſiaſm, which, in their exalted Idea of it, was next to a Divine Inſpiration. But how ſeldom do we find ſo many great and valuable Qualifications meet in one Perſon?

ART *can by no means confer on us an elevated Genius, a ſprightly Senſe, or a quick Imagination. They derive their Source, as we have before obſerved, from Nature, or, in other Terms, are the invaluable Bleſſings of Heaven itſelf.*

We muſt, in a Word, be born Poets; *for this divine Art is not to be attain'd by the moſt unwearied Induſtry and Application.*

We ſhall now give our PUPILS *a* SHORT VIEW *of the Nature of* POESY,

POESY, *and so conclude, not doubting but, from their due Observance of the respective Rules and Precepts laid down, and the various Examples that are produced in the Body of the subsequent* ESSAY, *they'll soon entertain an adequate Idea of its real Beauties.*

The whole Aim and Intention of POESY *is to* please *and to* instruct. *In order to please, it borrows from Nature every Thing that is gay and delightful. It adorns its Diction with Number and Harmony; and it never fails to employ the* Marvellous *and* Pathetick *in their proper Place.*

And in order that it may instruct as well as please (in an Age so polite as the present) it describes and exposes to View, in the strongest Point of Light, Virtue in all its Beauty and Perfection,

Perfection, and Vice in all its moſt abhorrent Shapes: And by a great Variety of Examples, artfully introduced, it ſteals upon our Affections, and induces us to embrace the One, and eſchew the Other: And ſhould any of our READERS *be but* One Virtue *the better for theſe our honeſt Endeavours, we ſhall not think our Labour ill beſtowed.*

THE

THE ART OF POETRY.

CHAP. I.

ontaining a Definition of POETRY, *and the Qualifications of a true* POET.

WHAT is *Poetry?*

A. It is the Art of *compoſing* *oems*, or *Pieces in Verſe.*

Q. And

Q. And is a Skill in making Verſe all that is requiſite to form a *Poet?*

A. No; that is one of the leaſt Qualifications of a good Poet: For a Perſon of an indifferent Genius may be taught to compoſe Verſes that will flow ſmoothly, and ſound well to the Ear, which yet may be of no Value for want of ſtrong Senſe, Propriety and Elevation of Thought, or Purity of Diction. A true Poet is diſtinguiſhed by a Fruitfulneſs of Invention, a lively Imagination tempered by a ſolid Judgment, Nobleneſs of Sentiments and Ideas, and a bold, lofty, and figurative Manner of Expreſſion. He thoroughly underſtands the Nature of his Subject, and, let his Poem be never ſo ſhort, he forms a Deſign or Plan, by which every Verſe is directed to a certain End, and each has a juſt Dependance on the other; for it is this produces the Beauty of Order and Harmony, and gives Satisfactio

atisfaction to a rational Mind. —The uke of *Buckingham*, in his *Eſſay on oetry*, very juſtly obſerves:

umbers, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
hich never does the Ear with Harſhneſs wound,
re neceſſary, yet but vulgar Arts:
r all in vain theſe ſuperficial Parts
ntribute to the Structure of the Whole,
ithout a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul*;
Spirit, which inſpires the Work throughout,
s that of Nature moves the World about;
Heat which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ;
is *ſomething of divine*, and more than Wit;
elf unſeen, yet all Things by it ſhown;
eſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.

Q. How can this true *Genius* for *oetry* be obtain'd?

A. A Poetical Genius is the *Gift of ature*, and cannot be *acquired*; nor n the Want of it be ſupplied by Art Induſtry: But where ſuch a Genius found, it may be aſſiſted by proper

Rules

Rules and Directions; and ſuch ſhall endeavour to lay down.

CHAP. II.

Of the Structure of Engliſh Verſe *and of* Rhyme.

Q. WHICH are the firſt Thing to be learnt in order to make Verſes?

A. You muſt underſtand (what perhaps you know already) that Syllables are diſtinguiſhed into *long* and *ſhort*, and this Length or Shortneſs is called their *Quantity*. Of *two*, *three*, and ſometimes more Syllables, the Ancients form'd their *Poetical Feet*, giving each of them a different Name. Thus a Foot conſiſting of two long Syllables was called a *Spondee*; of a ſhort one follow'd by a long one, an *Iambus*; of a long one follow'd by two ſhort ones a *Dactyl*

Dactyl, &c. And of these Feet they composed various Kinds of Verses.

Q. Have we such Poetical Feet in the *English* Language?

A. There is very little Variety of Feet in the *English* Poetry, the *Iambus* being, as it were the sole Regent of our Verse, especially of our *Heroics*, which consist of five short and five long Syllables intermix'd alternately, tho' this Order is sometimes beautifully varied by our best Poets, as an excellent Writer observes:

Two Syllables our *English* Feet compose,
But *Quantities* distinguish them from *Prose*.
By *Long* and *Short*, in various Stations plac'd,
Our *English* Verse harmoniously is grac'd:
With *Short* and *Long* Heroic Feet we raise,
But these to vary is the Poet's Praise:
For the *same Sounds perpetually* disgust,
Dryden to this Variety was just.

After all, the *Quantity* of the Syllables in ours, and other modern Languages, is

is not well fix'd; and little Regard is had to it in the Compoſition of Verſes. The *Number* of Syllables, the *Pauſe*, and the *Seat of the Accent*, are the chief Things to be conſidered in the *Engliſh* Verſification.

Q. What do you mean by *Accent*?

A. It is a particular Streſs or Force of the Voice, laid upon any Syllable in ſpeaking, as upon *fi* in *finite*, upon *in* in *infinite*, &c.

Q. Is the Accent laid upon the ſame Syllables in Verſe as in Proſe?

A. Yes; and in *Engliſh* Verſe it is the Accent that denominates a Syllable *long*, rather than the *Nature* of the *Vowel*, *Diphthong*, &c. tho' *Accent* and *Quantity* are, in reality, two different Things.

Q. Where then is the Difficulty of making Verſes, if it be only to put together a certain Number of Syllables?

A. It is not enough that Verſes have their

their juſt Number of Syllables, but the Words muſt be ſo diſpoſed as that the *Accents* and the *Pauſe* may fall in ſuch and ſuch Places as to render them harmonious and pleaſing to the Ear.

Q. What do you mean by the *Pauſe?*

A It is a ſmall *Reſt* or *Stop* which is made in pronouncing the longer Parts of Verſes, dividing them into two Parts, each of which is call'd an *Hemiſtich*, or *Half-Verſe:* But this Diviſion is not always equal, that is, one of the Hemiſtichs does not always contain the ſame Number of Syllables as the other. This Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent, that is the longeſt in the firſt Hemiſtich; for the Pauſe is to be made at the End of the Word where ſuch Accent happens, or at the End of the Word following; as will preſently be ſhewn.

Q. Is nothing elſe to be obſerved in *Engliſh* Verſification?

A. Metre, or *Measure*, which
ſuch an harmonious Diſpoſition of
certain Number of Syllables as abo
mention'd, is all that is *abſolutely*
ceſſary to conſtitute *Engliſh* Ver
but *Rhyme* is generally added to ma
it more delightful.

Q. What is *Rhyme?*

A. It is a Likeneſs of Sound betwe
the laſt Syllable or Syllables of
Verſe, and the laſt Syllable or Syllab
of another.—When only one Syll
at the End of one Line rhymes to
Syllable at the End of another, i
called *ſingle Rhyme*, as *made*, *tra*
confeſs, *diſtreſs:* But when the two
Syllables are alike in Sound, as *dri*
ing, *thinking*; *able*, *table*; it is ca
Double Rhyme. We have alſo ſome
ſtances of *Treble Rhyme*, where
three laſt Syllables chime together,
Charity, *Parity*, &c. But this is
dom or never admitted in ſerious

fects, and in such the *Double Rhyme* is to be used but sparingly.

Q. Have you any other Instructions to give me concerning *Rhyme?*

A. Yes; You are to observe, that the Consonants which precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must be different in each Verse; so that *Light* and *Delight*, *Vice* and *Advice*, *move* and *remove*, must not be made to rhyme together; for tho' the Words are different enough, the rhyming Syllables are exactly the same, and Rhyme consists rather in a *Likeness* than a *Sameness* of Sound. From hence it follows, that a Word cannot rhyme to itself, nor even Words that differ both in Signification and Orthography, if they have the same Sound, as *Heir*, *Air*; *Prey*, *pray*; *blew*, *blue*, &c. Such Rhymes indeed, and others equally bad, as *Nation* and *Affection*, *Villany* and *Gentry*, *follow* and *Willow*, where the Likeness is not sufficient.

ficient, were allow'd of in the Days o
Chaucer, *Spencer*, and the reſt of our
ancient Poets, but are by no means to
be admitted in our modern Compoſiti
ons. It may be farther obſerved, tha
the rhyming of Words depends upo
their Likeneſs of *Sound*, not of *Orth
graphy*; for *laugh* and *quaff*, tho' diffe
rently written, rhyme very well toge
ther; but *Plough* and *Cough*, tho' the
Terminations are alike, rhyme not a
all.

Q. What do you call that Sort o
Verſe which has no Rhyme.

A. It is call'd *Blank Verſe*; of whic
I ſhall give you ſome Specimens here
after.

Q. What Number of Syllables d
our Verſes conſiſt of?

A. We have Verſes of ſeveral Me
ſures, containing ſeldom leſs than *four*
nor more than *fourteen* Syllables;
ſpeaki

ſpeaking of which I ſhall begin with thoſe that are moſtly in Uſe.

CHAP. III.

Of the ſeveral Sorts of Engliſh VERSES.

Q. WHAT Sorts of Verſes are chiefly uſed in our Poetry?

A. Thoſe of *ten*, *eight*, and *ſeven* Syllables; eſpecially the firſt Sort, which are uſed in Heroic Poems, Tragedies, Elegies, Paſtorals, and many other Subjects, but generally thoſe that are grave and ſerious.

Q. On what Syllables muſt the Accent fall in this Kind of Verſe?

A. In this Sort the Words are commonly ſo diſpoſed, that the Accent may fall on every *ſecond*, *fourth*, *ſixth*, *eighth*, and *tenth* Syllable, as in the two following Lines:

From vúlgar Boúnds with bráve Diſórder part,
And ſnátch a Gráce beyónd the Reách of A'rt.

But (as has been intimated already) this Order may be frequently diſpens'd with, without deſtroying the Harmony of the Verſe; nay, it adds a peculiar Beauty to the Poetry, to indulge ſuch a Variety now and then, eſpecially in the firſt and ſecond Syllables of the Line, of which the following is an Inſtance, where the Accent is on the firſt Syllable, and not on the ſecond:

Nów to the Maín the búrning Sún deſcénds.

Q. Where is the *Pauſe* to be in Verſes of this Kind?

A. This (as I have before obſerved) is determin'd by the Seat of the moſt prevailing Accent in the firſt Half Verſe, which ought to be either on the *ſecond*, *fourth*, or *ſixth* Syllable

and the Pauſe muſt immediately follow the Word where this Accent happens, or the Word after it.

Q. Can't you give me ſome Examples of this?

A. Yes; in the following Lines you have Inſtances of each of the Caſes mention'd, where the ruling Accent only is mark'd, and the Pauſe denoted by a Daſh ——.

Firſt Caſe.

As buſy — as intentive Emmets are.
Deſpiſe it — and more noble Thoughts purſue.

Second Caſe.

Belinda ſmil'd — and all the World was gay.
So freſh the Wound is — and the Grief ſo vaſt.

Third Caſe.

Some have at firſt for Wits — then Poets paſs'd.
And ſince he could not ſave her — with her dy'd.

Q. Is the Pauſe not to be allow'd of in any other Places of a Verſe but where it is in theſe Examples?

A. Yes; ſometimes it is; but then the Verſes are not quite ſo agreeable to the Ear, as is evident from the following Inſtance:

Bright *Heſper* twinkles from afár — Away
My Kids — for you have had a Feaſt to-day

Here is nothing diſagreeable in the Structure of theſe Verſes but the Pauſe, which in the firſt of them (you ſee) is after the *eighth* Syllable, and in the latter after the *ſecond*; whereas ſo unequal a Diviſion cannot produce any true Harmony.

Q. How ſhall I know the Accent which determines the Pauſe?

A. It muſt be confeſs'd, the prevailing Accent is ſometimes not eaſily diſtinguiſh'd, as when two or three in the

the ſame Verſe ſeem equally ſtrong: in which Caſe the Senſe and Conſtruction of the Words muſt be your Guide. And after all, a Perſon who has a tolerable Ear for Poetry, will have little Occaſion for Rules concerning the *Pauſe* or the *Accents*, but will naturally ſo diſpoſe his Words as to create a certain Harmony, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Senſe.

Q. After the Verſes of *ten* Syllables, what Sort is moſt frequent in our Poetry?

A. Thoſe of *eight*, whereof we have many entire Poems.

Q. What is to be obſerved in the Structure of theſe Verſes?

A. In theſe, as in the former, the Accents generally fall on every ſecond Syllable, but not without Exception, as you will ſee in the following Example:

A ſhów'r of ſóft and fléecy Rain
Fálls, to new-clóath the Earth agáin:
Behóld the Moúntains Tóps around,
As if with Fúr of E'rmin crówn'd.

Q. What Sort of Verſes do you next take notice of?

A. Thoſe of *ſeven* Syllables, which are call'd *Anacreontic*, from *Anacreon*, a *Greek* Poet, who wrote in Verſe of that Meaſure.

Q. Where ſhould the Accents fall in this Kind of Verſe?

A. On the *firſt*, *third*, *fifth*, and *ſeventh* Syllables, as in the following Lines:

Glítt'ring Stónes and gólden Things,
Wéalth and Hónours thát have Wings,
Ever flútt'ring to be góne,
Wé can néver cáll our ówn.

As for Verſes of *nine* and *eleven* Syllables, they are not worth our Notice, being

being very ſeldom uſed, except thoſe which are of double Rhyme, and properly belong to the Verſes of *eight* and *ten* Syllables.

There is a Kind of Verſe of *twelve* Syllables, having the Accent on every *third*, which is only made uſe of in Subjects of Mirth and Pleaſantry, as are thoſe of *eleven* Syllables which run with much the ſame Cadence. But there is another Sort of *twelve* Syllables, which are now and then introduced amongſt our Heroics, being ſometimes the laſt of a *Couplet*, or two Verſes, as in the following Inſtance:

The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
And, murmuring with Diſdain,—the beauteous Body leaves.

Sometimes a Verſe of this Kind concludes a *Triplet*, or three Lines that rhyme together, where the Senſe is full and complete; as for Example:

Millions

Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong,
And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,
And round with list'ning Ears — the flying
Plague is hung.

Here let us observe by the Way, that the Sense ought always to be closed at the End of a Triplet, and not continued to the next Line; tho' Instances of this Fault (if it be one) are to be found in some of our best Poets.

This Verse of twelve Syllables (which is call'd *Alexandrine* or *Alexandrian*, from a Poem on the Life of *Alexander*, written or translated into such Verse by some *French* Poets) is also frequently used at the Conclusion of a Stanza in *Lyric* or *Pindaric* Odes, of which we shall speak hereafter. The *Pause*, in these Verses, ought to be at the sixth Syllable, as you see in the foregoing Examples.

In

In this Place it cannot be amiſs to obſerve, that tho' the *Alexandrine* Verſe, when rightly employ'd, has an agreeable Effect in our Poetry, it muſt be uſed ſparingly and with Judgment. Mr. *Pope* has cenſured the improper Uſe of it, and at the ſame Time given us a beautiful Verſe of this Kind, in his excellent *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, where, ſpeaking of thoſe who regard Verſification only, he ſays:

A needleſs *Alexandrine* ends the Song,
That, like a wounded Snake, drags its ſlow Length along.

Q. When are Verſes of *fourteen* Syllables made uſe of.

A. Not ſo often as thoſe of twelve; but they are likewiſe inſerted in Heroic Poems, and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet where the Senſe is finiſh'd, eſpecially if the preceding

preceding Verſe be of twelve Syllables; as in this of Mr. *Dryden:*

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dreſt;
For thee the Ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy Breaſt,
And Heav'n itſelf with more ſerene and purer Light is bleſt.

If theſe Verſes follow one of ten Syllables, the Inequality of the Meaſure renders them leſs pleaſing; but this is only in Heroics; for in Odes they are gracefully placed after Verſes of any Number of Syllables whatſoever.

Q. What have you to obſerve relating to the ſhorter Sorts of Verſes?

A. They are chiefly uſed in Operas, Odes, and our common Songs; but they have nothing in them worth Notice. We meet with them of *three, four, five,* and *ſix* Syllables; but thoſe

of *four* and *six* are moſt common, of which let the following Specimen ſuffice.

The Battle near
When Cowards fear,
The Drum and Trumpet ſounds;
Their Courage warms,
They ruſh to Arms,
And brave a Thouſand Wounds.

Q. Have you no other Rules or Obſervations to make concerning our Verſification?

A. Yes; it is proper to ſay ſomething of the *Eliſions* or *Contractions* that are admitted in our Poetry, according as the Meaſure requires.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ELISIONS *allowed of in* Engliſh Poetry; *and ſome miſcellaneous Remarks.*

Q. WHat do you mean by *Eliſion?*

A. I mean the cutting off one or more Letters, either from the Beginning, Ending, or Middle of a Word, whereby, *two* Syllables are contracted into *one*, and are ſo pronounced.

Q. In what Caſes are ſuch Contractions allowable?

A. In Words of three or more Syllables, which are accented on the laſt ſave two, when the Liquid *r* comes between two Vowels, that which precedes the *r* is frequently cut off; as in *Temperance, Difference, Flatterer, Victory,*

ry, *amorous*, and others; which tho' three Syllables, and often uſed as ſuch in Verſe, may be contracted into two when the Meaſure requires it; and this Contraction is denoted by a little Mark call'd an *Apoſtrophe*, the Words being written or printed, *Temp'rance*, *Diff'rence*, *Flatt'rer*, *Vict'ry*, *am'rous*, and pronounced accordingly. An Eliſion is made of both Vowels before the *r* in *lab'ring*, *endeav'ring*, *neighb'ring*, and ſuch like Words.

Q. Does this Rule hold good of no other Letter but *r*?

A. Sometimes a Vowel is cut off before the other Liquids, *l*, *m*, *n*, when found between two Vowels in Words accented like the former, as in *fab'lous*, *En'my*, *Mar'ner*, inſtead of *fabulous*, *Enemy*, *Mariner*: But this ought rather to be avoided, the Sound being harſh and ungrateful.

Q. In what other Cases are Contractions made.

A. Contractions are agreeable enough in some Words of three Syllables, where the Letter *s* happens between two Vowels, the latter of which is cut off; as in *Reas'ning*, *Pris'ner*, *Bus'ness*, &c.

The letter *o* between *ll* and *w*, in Words of three Syllables, suffers an Elision; as in *Foll'wer*, *bell'wing*, &c.

When the Vowel *e* falls between *v* and *n*, and the Accent lies upon the foregoing Syllable, it is frequently cut off; as in *Heav'n*, *sev'n*, *giv'n*, *driv'n*, &c. The same Vowel is also cut off in the Words *Pow'r*, *Flow'r*, and others of the like Termination.

The Words *never*, *ever*, *over*, may lose the Consonant *v*, and be thus contracted *ne'er*, *e'er*, *o'er*.

Most Words ending in *ed*, which we contract in our common Discourse, must also

lso be contracted in Poetry; as *lov'd*, *hreaten'd*, *expreſs'd*, *ador'd*, *abandon'd*, &c.

Some Words admit of an Eliſion of heir firſt Syllable; as *'mong*, *'mongſt*, *'tween*, *'twixt*, *'gainſt*, *'bove*, &c. are ſed inſtead of *among*, *amongſt*, *between*, *betwixt*, *againſt*, *above*, &c.

Inſtead of *it is*, *it was*, *it were*, *it will*, *it would*, we ſometimes uſe *'tis*, *'twas*, *'twere*, *'twill*, *'twould*. So likewiſe *by't*, for *by it*; *do't*, for *do it*; *was't*, for *was it*, &c. But theſe laſt Contractions are ſcarce allowable, eſpecially in Heroic Poetry.

Am may loſe its Vowel after *I*; as *I'm*, for *I am*: And ſo may *are* after *we*, *you*, *they*, as *we're*, *you're*, *they're*; for *we are*, *you are*, *they are*. We alſo ſometimes uſe the Contraction *let's*, for *let us*.

The Word *have* ſuffers an Eliſon of the two firſt Letters, after *I*, *you*, *we*, *they*;

they; as *I've*, *you've*, *we've*, *they've*, for *I have*, *you have*, *we have*, *they have*. So *will* and *would* are often contracted after the Personal Pronouns, as *I'll* for *I will*, *he'd* for *he would*, &c. or after *who*, as *who'd* for *who would*, *who'll* for *who will*, &c.

The Particle *to* sometimes loses its when it comes before a Verb that begins with a Vowel, as *t'avoid*, *t'increase*, *t'undo*, &c. but this Elision is not allowable before Nouns, and seldom used by correct Writers.

When the Particle *the* comes before a Word that begins with a Vowel or an *h* not aspirated, it generally loses its *e*; as *th'immortal*, *th'expressive*, *th'amazing*, *th'honest*, &c. And sometimes before an aspirated *h* when an *e* follows it; as *th'heroic*, &c. but Elisions of this last kind are not to be commended.

Sometimes the *o* in *who*, and the *a* in *by*, is cut off before Words beg

ning with a Vowel; as *wh'expoſe*, for *who expoſe*; *b'Oppreſſion*, for *by Oppreſſion:* And other Contractions of this Kind are to be met with in ſome of our Poets; but ſuch a Liberty is by no means to be indulged.

The Pronoun *his* ſometimes loſes its firſt Letters after Words ending with a Vowel, as *to's*, *by's*, for *to his*, *by his*; and after ſeveral Words that end with a Conſonant, as *in's*, *for's*, for *in his*, *for his*, &c. But this is rather to be obſerved than imitated.

Theſe are the Eliſions and Contractions moſt uſually made in our Verſification; the reſt may be learnt by reading our beſt modern Poets; for the Liberties taken by ſome of our ancient ones are not to be encouraged.

Q. Have you any thing farther to add relating to Verſification?

A. Yes; there are a few more Particulars relating to this Subject that are

worth obſerving. In the firſt Place, it may be laid down as a general Rule, that whenever one Syllable of a Word ends with a Vowel, and the next begins with another, theſe two Syllables in Verſe are to be conſider'd, as *one* only, except when either of the Syllables is the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Region*, *valiant*, *beauteous*, *mutual*, and ſuch like Words, are to be reckon'd only as *two* Syllables in Poetry; and ſo *Ambition*, *familiar*, *perpetual*, *preſumptuous*, *ſuperior*, and other Words of the ſame Nature, tho' conſiſting of four Syllables, are to be uſed in Verſe as *three*.

Q. Are there no Exceptions to this Rule?

A. The Words *Diamond*, *Diadem*, *Violet*, and a few others may be excepted, which, tho' accented on the firſt Vowel, are ſometimes uſed but as *two* Syllables.

Q. Wha

Q. What is next to be obſerved?

A. In general, conſult your Ear; conſider how Words are pronounced in reading Proſe, and obſerve how they are uſed by the beſt Poets, and you will ſeldom fail either with reſpect to Juſtneſs of Meaſure or Propriety of Contractions. It will very much add to the Beauty of your Verſe to avoid, as much as poſſible, a Concourſe of claſhing Vowels, that is, when one Word ends with a Vowel and the next begins with another, which occaſions what is call'd an *Hiatus*, or gaping, and is very diſagreeable to the Ear. Mr. *Pope* has cenſured this Fault, and given us an Inſtance of it in the following Line:

Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire.

For this Reaſon the *e* of the Particle *the* is generally cut off (as has been

obſerved) before Words that begin with a Vowel.

Q. What other Faults are to be avoided?

A. It is not well to make uſe of ſeveral Words in a Verſe that begin with the ſame Letter, unleſs it be to ſuit the Sound to the Subject. And obſerve, that tho' Verſes conſiſting wholly of Monoſyllables are not always to be condemned (nay poſſibly may be very good) yet they ought to be ſeldom uſed, a Series of little low Words having generally an ill Effect in our Poetry. Be careful alſo not to make uſe of Expletives, that is, ſuch Words as contribute nothing to the Senſe, but are brought into the Verſe merely to fill up the Meaſure. Theſe two laſt Faults Mr. *Pope* has taken Notice of, and exemplified in the following Verſes:

While Expletives their feeble Aid *do* join,
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.

Take

Take care likewiſe not to end a Verſe with an Adjective, whoſe Subſtantive begins the next Verſe; and the ſame is to be obſerved with reſpect to a Prepoſition and the Words it governs. In ſhort, avoid every thing that tends to deſtroy that agreeable Cadence and Harmony which is required in Poetry, and of which (after all the Rules that can be laid down concerning it) the Ear is the moſt proper Judge. Remember, however, that eaſy and flowing Numbers are not all that is requiſite in Verſification; for, as the laſt cited excellent Poet obſerves,

'Tis not enough no Harſhneſs gives Offence;
The Sound muſt ſeem an Echo to the Senſe.
Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the ſmooth Stream in ſmoother Numbers flows;
But when loud Surges laſh the ſounding Shore,
The hoarſe rough Verſe ſhould like the Torrent roar.

When

When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome Rock's vaſt Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, and the Words move ſlow;
Not ſo when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the Plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and ſkims along the Main.

I now proceed to treat of the Laws and Rules of the ſeveral Kinds of Poetry, as laid down by the beſt Critics, and to give Specimens of ſuch as will come within the Compaſs of our Deſign; in doing which I ſhall begin with the loweſt, and aſcend, by Degrees, to the higheſt Performances in the Poetic Art. And firſt of the *Epigram*.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the EPIGRAM.

Q. WHAT is an *Epigram?*

A. It is *a little Poem, or Compoſition in Verſe, treating of one Thing only, and whoſe diſtinguiſhing Characters are* Brevity, Beauty, *and* Point.

Q. What is the Meaning of the Word?

A. The Word *Epigram* ſignifies *Inſcription*; for Epigrams derive their Origin from thoſe Inſcriptions placed by the Ancients on their Tombs, Statues, Temples, Pillars, Triumphal Arches, and the like; which, at firſt, were very ſhort, being ſometimes no more than a ſingle Word, but, afterwards,

wards, increaſing their Length, they made them in Verſe, to be the better retained by the Memory. This ſhort Way of Writing came at laſt to be uſed upon any Occaſion or Subject; and hence the Name of *Epigram* has been given to any little Copy of Verſes, without regard to the original Application of ſuch Poems.

Q. To what Length is the *Epigram* confined?

A. Its uſual Limits are from *two* to *twenty* Verſes, tho' ſometimes it extends to *fifty*; but the ſhorter the better it is, and the more perfect, as it partakes more of the Nature and Character of this Kind of Poem: Beſides, the Epigram being only a ſingle Thought, it ought to be expreſſed in a little Compaſs, or elſe it loſes its Force and Strength.

Q. What is the *Beauty* required in an Epigram?

A. A

A. A Harmony and apt Agreement of all its Parts, a ſweet Simplicity, and polite Language.

Q. What do you mean by the *Point* in an Epigram.

A. A ſharp, lively, unexpected Turn of Wit, with which an Epigram ought to be concluded. There are ſome Critics, indeed, who will not admit of the Point in an Epigram, but require the Thought to be equally diffuſed through the whole Poem, which is uſually the Practice of *Catullus*, as the former is that of *Martial*. It is allow'd there is more Delicacy in the Manner of *Catullus*, but the *Point* is moſt agreeable to the general Taſte, and ſeems to be the chief Characteriſtic of the *Epigram*.

Q. What Subject does the *Epigram* admit of?

A. It admits of all manner of Subjects, provided that *Brevity*, *Beauty*, and *Point* are preſerved; but it is gene-

rally

rally employ'd either in *Praiſe* or *Satire*.— That you may the more eaſily remember the Rules to be obſerved in this Kind of Poem, take them in *Engliſh* Verſe, with ſome ſmall Alteration, as they are given us by very good Writers on the Art of Poetry.

The *Epigrams*, with little Art compos'd
Is one good Sentence in a *Diſtich* clos'd:
And tho' ſome ſtretch to twenty Lines or more,
The beſt are thoſe confin'd to *two* or *four*.
Of various Subjects *Epigrams* admit,
But each of *one*, and one *alone* muſt treat.
Two Parts this little Whole muſt ſtill compoſe,
Recital of the Subject, and the *Cloſe*.
To make this Poem perfect be your Care,
That *Beauty*, *Point*, and *Brevity* appear.
Your *ſingle Subject* in *few* Words explain,
But Words which Force and Energy contain.
A Symmetry of Parts we *Beauty* name,
Which ſhould be ſeen throughout the finiſh'd Frame.
With elegant Simplicity and Truth,
And ſtill the *Diction* poliſh'd, not uncouth.
This Beauty *Sweetneſs* always muſt comprize,
Which from the Subject well expreſs'd will riſe.

The

The *Point* in the Concluſion takes its Place,
And is the *Epigram*'s peculiar Grace;
Some unexpected and ſome biting Thought,
With poignant Wit and ſharp Expreſſion fraught.

N. B. Tho' the beſt Epigrams are here ſaid to be ſuch as are comprized in *two* or *four* Verſes, we are not to underſtand it as if none can be perfect which exceeds thoſe Limits. Neither the Ancients nor Moderns have been ſo ſcrupulous with reſpect to the Length of their Epigrams; but, however, *Brevity* in general is always to be ſtudied in theſe Compoſitions.

Q. Can't you give me a few Examples of good Epigrams in the *Engliſh* Language?

A. Yes; I ſhall make choice of ſeveral in the different Taſtes I have mention'd; ſome remarkable for their delicate Turn and Simplicity of Expreſſion, and others for their Salt and Sharpneſs, their equivocating Pun, or pleaſant

pleaſant Alluſion. In the firſt Place, take that of Mr. *Pope*, ſaid to be written on a Glaſs with the Earl of *Cheſterfield*'s Diamond Pencil:

Accept a Miracle, inſtead of Wit;
See two dull Lines by *Stanhope*'s Pencil writ.

The Beauty of this Epigram is more eaſily ſeen than deſcribed. For my Part, I am at a Loſs to determine whether it does more Honour to the Poet who wrote it, or to the Noble man for whom the Compliment is deſigned — The following Epigram of Mr. *Prior* is written in the ſame Taſte being a fine Encomium on the Performance of an excellent Painter.

On a Flower, painted by VARELST.

When fam'd *Varelſt* this little Wonder drew
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing Work to view
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,

nd finiſhing the Piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
ehold one Work of mine which ne'er ſhall fade.

The Epigram written on the Leaves of a *Fan* by Dr. *Atterbury*, late Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, contains a pretty Thought, expreſs'd with Eaſe and Conciſeneſs, nd cloſed in a beautiful Manner.

On a Fan.

Flavia the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ.
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton Motion ſo,
That it wounds more than *Cupid*'s Bow,
Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
To ev'ry other Breaſt a Flame.

I ſhall now ſelect ſome Epigrams of e biting and ſatyrical Kind, and ſuch turn upon the *Pun* or *Equivoque*, as e *French* call it; in which Sort the

Point is more conſpicuous than in thoſe of the former Character.

The following Diſtich, in my Opinion, is an admirable Epigram, having all the neceſſary Qualities of one, eſpecially *Point* and *Brevity*.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Muſick.

How ill the Motion with the Muſic ſuits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled and ſo danc'd the Brutes.

This puts me in mind of another Epigram upon a bad Fiddler, which I ſhall venture to inſert merely for the Humour of it, and not for any real Excellence it contains.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd ſo well, he mov'd *Old Nick*;
But thou mov'ſt nothing but thy Fiddle-ſtick.

One of *Martial*'s Epigrams, where he agreeably rallies the fooliſh Van-

of a Man who hired People to make Verſes for him, and publiſhed them as his own, has been thus tranſlated into *Engliſh*:

Paul ſo fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verſes, and calls them his own.
Go on, Maſter *Paul*, nor mind what the World ſays,
They are ſurely his *own* for which a Man pays.

Another Epigram of the ſame *Latin* Poet is very prettily imitated in the following Tetraſtich:

On an ugly Woman.

Whilſt in the Dark, on thy ſoft Hand I hung?
And heard the tempting *Syren* in thy Tongue;
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

We have a good Epigram by Mr. *Cowley* on *Prometheus* ill painted; to underſtand which we muſt remember

his Story. *Prometheus* is feign'd by the ancient Poets to have form'd Men of Clay, and to have put Life into them by Fire ſtolen from Heaven; for which Crime *Jupiter* cauſed him to be chain'd to a Rock, where a Vulture was ſet to gnaw his Liver, which grew again as faſt as it was devour'd. On this Fiction the Epigram is founded.

PROMETHEUS *drawn by a bad Painter.*

How wretched does *Prometheus'* State appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond Mis'ry ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great *Jove*'s leſs than the Painter's Hands;
It would the Vulture's Cruelty out go,
If once again his Liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
The Flames he once ſtole from thee, grant him now.

Some bad Writer having taken the Liberty to cenſure Mr. *Prior*, the Poet

Poet, has very wittily laſh'd his Impertinence in the following Epigram:

While, faſter than his coſtive Brain indites,
Philo's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Caſe appears to me like honeſt *Teague*'s,
When he was run away with by his Legs.
Phœbus, give *Philo* o'er himſelf Command;
Quicken his Senſes, or reſtrain his Hand:
Let him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink;
So he may ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

Mr. *Weſley* has given us a pretty Epigram, alluding to a well known Text of Scripture, on the ſetting up a Monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, to the Memory of the ingenious Mr. *Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*.

While *Butler*, needy Wretch, was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give.
See him, when ſtarv'd to Death and turn'd to Duſt,
Preſented with a Monumental Buſt!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem ſhown;
He aſk'd for *Bread*, and he receiv'd a *Stone*.

The EPITAPH being a Poem of the epigrammatic Kind, and frequently found in Collections of Epigrams, I ſhall here inſert a few of the beſt I have met with. Theſe Compoſitions generally contains ſome Eulogium of the Virtues and good Qualities of the Deceaſed, and have a Turn of Serioufneſs and Gravity adapted to the Nature of the Subject; others are jocoſe and ludicrous, as you will ſee amongſt the following Examples.

In the *Spectator* we find ſeveral old *Greek* Epitaphs very beautifully tranſlated into *Engliſh* Verſe, one of which I ſhall take the Liberty of tranſcribing. It is written on *Orpheus*, a celebrated ancient Poet and Muſician, whoſe Story is well known. He is ſaid to have been the Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, one of the Nine *Muſes*, the Goddeſs meant in the laſt Line of the Epigram.

On

On Orpheus.

No longer, *Orpheus*, ſhall thy ſacred Strains
Lead Stones, and Trees, and Beaſts along the Plains;
No longer ſooth the boiſt'rous Wind to ſleep,
Or ſtill the Billows of the raging Deep:
For thou art gone; the *Muſes* mourn'd thy Fall
In ſolemn Strains, thy Mother moſt of all.
Ye Mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Goddeſs could not ſave her own.

The ingenious Tranſlator obſerves, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the Epigram was written, the Turn appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a reſigning Spirit in the Application: But, if we conſider the *Point* with reſpect to our preſent Knowledge, it will be leſs eſteem'd; tho' the Author himſelf, becauſe he believed it, may ſtill be more valued than any one who ſhould not write with a *Point* of the ſame Nature.

The

The following Epitaph on Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Sister, the Countess of *Pembroke*, said to be written by the famous *Ben. Johnson*, is remarkable for the noble Thought with which it concludes.

On MARY, *Countess Dowager* of PEMBROKE.

Underneath this Marble Hearse,
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, *Pembroke*'s Mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.

Take another Epitaph of *Ben. Johnson*'s on a beautiful and virtuous Lady, which has been deservedly admired by very good Judges.

Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as could die;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as could live.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* has drawn the Character of Mr. *Gay*, in an Epitaph now to be ſeen on his Monument in *Weſtminſter Abby*, which he has cloſed with ſuch a beautiful Turn, that I cannot help looking upon it as a Maſter-piece in its Kind, as indeed are all the Productions of that ſurprizing Genius.

On Mr. GAY.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the Age:
Above Temptation in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt:
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive Boſoms—*Here lies* GAY.

Amongſt the Epitaphs of a punning and ludicrous Caſt, I know of none prettier

prettier than that which is ſaid to have been written by Mr. *Prior* on himſelf, wherein he is pleaſantly ſatyrical upon the Folly of thoſe who value themſelves on account of the long Series of Anceſtors through which they can trace their Pedigree.

Nobles, and *Heralds*, by your Leave,
Here lie the Bones of *Matthew Prior*,
The Son of *Adam* and of *Eve*:
Let *Bourbon* or *Naſſau* go higher.

The following Epitaph on a *Miſer* contains a good Caution, and an agreeable Raillery.

Reader, beware immod'rate Love of Pelf:
Here lies the worſt of Thieves, who robb'd himſelf.

I ſhall give but one Example more of this Sort of Poem, which is a merry Epitaph on an old Fiddler, who was remarkable (we may ſuppoſe) for beating Time to his Muſic.

On

On STEPHEN *the Fiddler.*

Stephen and *Time* are now both even:
Stephen beat *Time*, now *Time*'s beat *Stephen*.

Having dwelt long enough (perhaps too long) upon this low Species of Poetry, I now proceed to the *Paſtoral.*

CHAP. VI.

Of the PASTORAL.

WHAT is a *Paſtoral?*

A. It is a Kind of Poem which takes its Name from the *Latin* Word *Paſtor*, a *Shepherd*; the Subject of it being always ſomething in the Paſtoral or rural Life, and the Perſons introduced in it either Shepherds or other Ruſticks.

Q. Have

Q. Have these Poems no other Name than that of *Pastorals?*

A. Yes; they are frequently call'd *Eclogues*, which signifies *select* or *choice Pieces*; tho' some account for this Name after a different Manner. They are also call'd *Bucolics*, from a *Greek* Word signifying a *Herdsman*.

Q. Is the *Pastoral* an ancient Kind of Poetry.

A. Yes, perhaps the oldest of any; for as the keeping of Flocks seem to have been the first Employment of Mankind, it is natural to imagine, that the Leisure of those ancient Shepherds requiring some Diversion, they could think of none so proper to that solitary Life as *singing*, and that in their Songs they took Occasion to celebrate their own Felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect Image of that happy Time; which, by giving us an Esteem for the Virtue

Virtues of a former Age, might recommend them to the present.

Q. What is the Character of the *Pastoral?*

A. Its complete Character consists in *Simplicity*, *Brevity*, and *Delicacy*; the two first of which render an Eclogue *natural*, and the last delightful. With respect to *Nature* indeed, we are to consider, that as *Pastoral* is an Image of the ancient Times of Innocence and undesigning Plainness, we are not to describe Shepherds as they really are at this Day, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of Men followed the Employment. For this Reason, an Air of Piety should run through the whole Poem, which is visible in the Writings of Antiquity.

Q. What is farther to be observed in this Sort of Poetry?

A. To make it natural with respect to the present Age, some Knowledge

in

in rural Affairs muſt be diſcovered, and that in ſuch a Manner as if it was done by Chance rather than Deſign, leſt by too much Study to ſeem *natural* we deſtroy the *Delight*; for what is inviting in this Kind of Poeſy proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of a Country Life itſelf, as from that of its Tranquillity. Some Illuſion muſt therefore be uſed to render a Paſtoral *delightful*, which conſiſts in expoſing the beſt Side only of a Shepherd's Life, and in concealing its Miſeries. Beſides, the Subject muſt contain ſome particular Beauty in itſelf, and in each Eclogue a deſigned Scene or Proſpect is to be preſented to our View, which ſhould likewiſe have its Variety. This Variety is obtained, to a great Degree, by frequent Compariſons drawn from the moſt agreeable Objects of the Country, by Interrogations to Things inanimate, by beautiful but ſhort Digreſſions; and by elegant

Tu

Turns on the Words, which render the Numbers very ſweet and pleaſing. Add to this, that the Connections muſt be negligent, the Narrations and Deſcriptions ſhort, and the Periods conciſe.

Q. What Sort of Style does the *Paſtoral* require?

A. It ought to be *humble*, yet *pure*; *neat* but not *florid*; *eaſy*, and yet *lively:* And the Verſification ſhould be the *ſmootheſt* and moſt *flowing* imaginable.

Q. To what Length may this Poem extend?

A. In general it ought to be ſhort, and ſhould never much exceed a hundred Lines.

Q. Can you give me theſe Rules in Verſe, as you did thoſe relating to the *Epigram?*

A. Yes; the Subſtance of them I find expreſs'd in the following Manner.

The

The PASTORAL, which ſings of happy *Swains*
And harmleſs *Nymphs* that haunt the Woods and Plains,
Should through the Whole diſcover ev'ry where
Their old Simplicity and pious Air;
And in the Characters of *Maids* and *Youth*,
Unpractis'd Plainneſs, Innocence, and Truth,
Each *Paſtoral* a little Plot muſt own,
Which, as it muſt be *ſimple*, muſt be *one*:
With ſmall Digreſſions it will yet diſpenſe,
Nor needs it always allegoric Senſe.
Its *Style* muſt ſtill be natural and clear,
And Elegance in ev'ry Part appear:
Its humble Method nothing has of *Fierce*,
But hates the Rattling of a lofty Verſe;
With native Beauty pleaſes and excites,
And never with harſh Sounds the Ear affrights.

Q. What Examples of the *Paſtoral* do you recommend, as written in a juſt Style and Manner?

A. Virgil's firſt Eclogue is reckon'd the Standard of *Paſtorals*, which I ſhall therefore give you, as it is tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*. It is a Dialogue betwee

between *Melibœus*, an unfortunate Shepherd, and *Tityrus*, another Shepherd under more fortunate Circumſtances. The former addreſſes his Complaint of his Sufferings and Baniſhment to *Tityrus*, who in the Midſt of the public Calamity enjoys his Flocks, and expreſſes his Gratitude to his Beneſactor; while *Melibœus* accuſes Fortune and the fatal Effects of a Civil War, bidding adieu to his native Country.

MELIBOEUS.

Beneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs diffuſe
You *Tit'rus* entertain your Sylvan Muſe.
Round the wide World in Baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing Fields and native Home;
While ſtretch'd at Eaſe you ſing your happy Loves,
And *Amaryllis* fills the ſhady Groves.

TITYRUS.

Theſe Bleſſings, Friend, a Deity beſtow'd;
For never can I deem him leſs than God.

The tender Firſtlings of my woolly Breed
Shall on his holy Altar often bleed.
He gave me Kine to graze the flow'ry Plain,
And to my Pipe renew'd the rural Strain.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,
That while the raging Sword and waſteful Fire
Deſtroy the wretched Neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile Arms approach your happy Ground.
Far diff'rent is my Fate; my feeble Goats
With Pains I drive from their forſaken Cotes:
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the Rocks has left her Young
The Hope and Promiſe of my failing Fold;
My Loſs by dire Portents the Gods foretold:
For, had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven Oak the faireſt on the Green,
And the hoarſe Raven on the blaſted Bough
By croaking from the Left preſag'd the coming Blow.
But tell me, *Tityrus*, what heav'nly Pow'r
Preſerv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour?

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome*
Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender Lambs from home.
So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams expreſs;
And ſo the Great I meaſur'd by the leſs:
But Country-towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like Shrubs when lofty Cypreſſes are near.

MELIBOEUS.

What great Occaſion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come.
Nor did my Search of Liberty begin
Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin.
Nor *Amaryllis* would vouchſafe a Look,
Till *Galatea*'s meaner Bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely Swain,
I ſought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to Gain;

Tho' many a Victim from my Fold, was bought,
And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your Mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your Return;
We wonder'd why she kept her Fruit so long.
For whom so late th' ungather'd Apples hung:
But now the Wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee:
For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do! while here I was enchain'd,
No Glimpse of Godlike Liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any Place but there
To find a God so present to my Pray'r.
There first the Youth of heav'nly Birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly Victims are renew'd
He heard my Vows, and graciously decreed
My Grounds to be restor'd, my former Flock to feed.

MELIBOEUS

MELIBOEUS.

O fortunate old Man! whoſe Farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your Pains,
Tho' Ruſhes overſpread the neighb'ring Plains,
Tho' here the marſhy Grounds approach your Fields,
And there the Soil a ſtony Harveſt yields.
Your teeming Ewes ſhall no ſtrange Meadows try,
Nor fear a Rot from tainted Company.
Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees
Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees:
The buſy Bees, with a ſoft murm'ring Strain,
Invite to gentle Sleep the lab'ring Swain:
While from the neighb'ring Rock with rural Songs
The Pruner's Voice the pleaſing Dream prolongs;
Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their am'rous Pain,
And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' Inhabitants of Seas and Skies ſhall change,
And Fiſh on Shore, and Stags in Air ſhall range.
The baniſh'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar*'s Brink;
And the blue *German* ſhall the *Tigris* drink;
Ere I forſaking Gratitude and Truth,
Forget the Figure of that Godlike Youth.

MELIBOEUS.

But we muſt beg our Bread in Climes unknown,
Beneath the ſcorching, or the freezing Zone;
And ſome to far *Oaxis* ſhall be ſold,
Or try the *Libyan* Heat, or *Scythian* Cold;
The reſt among the *Britons* be confin'd,
A Race of Men from all the World disjoin'd.
O! muſt the wretched Exiles ever mourn,
Nor after Length of rolling Years return;
Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjuſt Decree,
No more our Houſes and our Homes to ſee?
Or ſhall we mount again the rural Throne,
And rule the Country Kingdoms once our own?

Did

Did we for these Barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy Fields bestow?
Good Heav'n, what dire Effects from civil Discord flow!
Now let me graff my Pears and prune the Vine;
The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.
Farewell my Pastures, my paternal Stock,
My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock!
No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme!
No more, extended in the Grot below,
Shall see you browzing on the Mountain's Brow.
The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare
Lean down the deep Abyss, and hang in Air!
No more my Sheep shall sip the Morning Dew;
No more my Song shall please the rural Crew:
Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu!

TITYRUS.

This Night, at leaſt, with me forget your Care:
Cheſnuts and Curds and Cream ſhall be your Fare:
The Carpet-Ground ſhall be with Leaves o'erſpread,
And Boughs ſhall weave a Cov'ring for your Head:
For ſee yon ſunny Hill the Shade extends,
And curling Smoke from Cottages aſcends.

From this *Paſtoral* the Reader muſt not imagine that the Nature of the Poem requires it always to be carried on by Way of *Dialogue*. A Shepherd alone may ſing the Praiſes of his Love, complain of her Inconſtancy, lament her Abſence, her Death, *&c.* and addreſs himſelf to Groves, Hills, Rivers, and ſuch-like rural Objects. A *Paſtoral* of this Nature, written by the celebrated Mr. *Pope*, and inſcribed to Mr. *Wycherley*, I ſhall here inſert, without

without any Apology. The Beginning of it is an Imitation of the foregoing *Eclogue* of *Virgil*.

Beneath the Shade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and *Ægon* ſung their rural Lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, *That* an abſent Love,
And *Delia*'s Name and *Doris* fill'd the Grove.
Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your ſacred Succour bring;
Hylas and *Ægon*'s rural Lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus*' Wit inſpire,
The Art of *Terence*, and *Menander*'s Fire;
Whoſe Senſe inſtructs us, and whoſe Humour charms,
Whoſe Judgment ſways us, and whoſe Spirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the Hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs Paſſions, and their tender Pains.
Now ſetting *Phœbus* ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy Clouds were ſtreak'd with Purple Light;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious Moan,
Taught Rocks to weep, and made the Mountains groan.

Go,

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
To *Delia*'s Ear the tender Notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt Love deplores,
And with deep Murmurs fills the ſounding Shores:
Thus, far from *Delia*, to the Winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
For her, the feather'd Quires neglect their Song:
For her, the Lymes their pleaſing Shades deny;
For her, the Lilies hang their Heads and die.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the Spring,
Ye Birds, that, left by Summer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye Trees, that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,
Say, is not Abſence Death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Curs'd be the Fields that cauſe my *Delia*'s Stay!
Fade ev'ry Bloſſom, wither ev'ry Tree,
Die ev'ry Flow'r, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my *Delia* flies,
Let Spring attend, and ſudden Flow'rs ariſe;
Let opening Roſes knotted Oaks adorn,
And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.

Go,

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
he Birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their Evening Song,
he Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,
nd Streams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
ot bubbling Fountains to the thirſty Swain,
ot balmy Sleep to Lab'rers faint with Pain,
ot Show'rs to Larks, or Sunſhine to the Bee,
e half ſo charming as thy Sight to me.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
ome, *Delia*, come; ah, why this long Delay!
hro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Delia* ſounds;
lia, each Cave and echoing Rock rebounds.
e Pow'rs, what pleaſing Frenzy ſooths my Mind!
o Lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind?
e comes, my *Delia* comes! --- Now ceaſe my Lay,
nd ceaſe, ye Gales, to bear my Sighs away!
Next *Ægon* ſung, while *Windſor* Groves admir'd:
hearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strain
perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain:

Here

Here where the Mountains, leſs'ning as the
riſe,
Loſe the low Vales, and ſteal into the Skies
While lab'ring Oxen, ſpent with Toil a
Heat,
In their looſe Traces from the Field retre
While curling Smoaks from Village-tops a
ſeen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the du
Green :
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mourn
Lay !
Beneath yon Poplar oft we paſs'd the Day:
Oft on the Rind I carv'd her am'rous Vows,
While ſhe with Garlands hung the bend
Boughs :
The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away
So dies her Love, and ſo my Hopes decay.
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mourn
Strain !
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain
Now golden Fruits on loaded Branches ſhine,
And grateful Cluſters ſwell with Floods
Wine ;
Now bluſhing Berries paint the yellow Grove
Juſt Gods ! ſhall all Things yield Returns b
Love ?

Reſound

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
he Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a
Prey."
h! what avails it me the Flocks to keep,
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my
Sheep.
an came, and ask'd what Magic caus'd my
Smart,
r what ill Eyes malignant Glances dart?
What Eyes but hers, alas! have Pow'r to
move?
nd is there Magic but what dwells in Love?
Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful
Strains!
ll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry
Plains. ——
rom Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains I may
remove,
orsake Mankind, and all the World --- but
Love!
know thee, Love! wild as the raging Main,
lore fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* Plain:
Thou wert from *Ætna*'s burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder
born.
Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful
Lay!
Farewell ye Woods, adieu the Light of Day!

One

One Leap from yonder Cliff ſhall end my Pai
No more, ye Hills, no more reſound
Strains!
Thus ſung the Shepherds till th' Approa
of Night,
The Skies yet bluſhing with departing Lig
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd
Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Sha

To theſe two Paſtorals, which a
written agreeable to the Taſte of A
tiquity, and the Rules above preſcrib
I ſhall beg leave to ſubjoin anothe
wherein the ingenious Author, the l
Mr. *Gay*, has ventur'd to deviate fro
the beaten Road, and to deſcribe t
Shepherds and Ploughmen of our ow
Time and Country, inſtead of thoſe
the *Golden Age*, (as the Poets call
to which the modern Critics confi
the *Paſtoral*. His ſix *Paſtorals*, whi
he calls the *Shepherd's Week*, ar
beautiful and lively Repreſentation

he Manners, Cuſtoms, and Notions f our Ruſticks; but the whole being oo long for our preſent Deſign, I ſhall nly tranſcribe the firſt of them, en- itled, *The Squabble*, wherein two Clowns try to outdo each other in nging the Praiſes of their Sweet- earts, leaving it to a Third to de- ermine the Controverſy. The Perſons Names are *Lobbin Clout*, *Cuddy* and *Cloddipole*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy Younglings, *Cuddy*, are but juſt awake;
o Thruſtles ſhrill the Bramble-buſh forſake;
o chirping Lark the Welkin Sheen * in-
vokes;
o Damſel yet the ſwelling Udder ſtrokes;
'er yonder Hill does ſcant † the Dawn ap-
pear;
hen why does *Cuddy* leave his Cott ſo rear ‡?

* *Shining* or *bright Sky.* † *Scarce.* ‡ *Early.*

CUDDY.

CUDDY.

Ah *Lobbin Clout!* I ween *, my Plight is
gueſt;
For *he, that loves, a Stranger is to Reſt.*
If Swains belye not, thou haſt prov'd the
Smart,
And *Blouzelinda*'s Miſtreſs of thy Heart.
This riſing Rear betokeneth well thy Mind;
Thoſe Arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind.*
And well, I trow, our piteous Plights agree
Thee *Blouzelinda* ſmites, *Buxoma* me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind!* I love thee more by half
Than does their Fawns, or Cows the new
fall'n Calf,
Woe worth the Tongue, may Bliſters ſore
gall,
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal!

CUDDY.

Hold, witleſs *Lobbin Clout*, I thee adviſe,
Let Bliſters ſore on thy own Tongue ariſe,
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithſome Swain,
The wiſeſt Lout of all the neighb'ring Plain
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the Sky
To know when Hail will fall, or Winds ariſe

* *Conceive.*

He taught us erſt * the Heifer's Tail to view,
When ſtuck aloft, that Show'rs would ſtraight
enſue:
He firſt that uſeful Secret did explain,
That prickling Corns foretold the gath'ring
Rain.
When Swallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in
Air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear.
Sit *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his Sweet-heart in alternate Verſe.
I wager this ſame oaken Staff with thee,
That *Cloddipole* ſhall give the Prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this Tobacco-Pouch, that's lin'd with
Hair,
Made of the Skin of ſleekeſt Fallow-Deer:
This Pouch, that's ty'd with Tape of reddeſt
Hue,
I wager, that the Prize ſhall be my Due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy Carrols then, thou vaunting
Slouch;
Mine the oaken Staff, or mine the Pouch.

* *Formerly.*

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheſt Laſs,
Than Primroſe ſweeter, or the Clover-Gra
Fair is the King-cup that in Meadows blow
Fair is the Daiſy that beſide her growa;
Fair is the Gillyflow'r of Gardens ſweet,
Fair is the Marygold, for Pottage meet:
But *Blouzelind*'s than Gillyflow'r more fair
Than Daiſy, Marygold, or King-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt Maid,
That e'er at Wake delightſome Gambol pla
Clean as young Lambkins, or the Go
Down,
And like the Goldfinch in her *Sunday* G
The witleſs Lamb may ſport upon the Pl
The friſking Kid delight the gaping Swai
The wanton Calf may ſkip with m
Bound,
And my Cur *Tray* play deſteſt * Fe
round:
But neither Lamb nor Kid, nor Calf nor
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

LOB

* *Nimbleſt.*

Lobbin Clout.

Sweet is my Toil when *Blouzelind* is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis Winter all the Year.
With her no ſultry Summer's Heat I know;
In Winter, when ſhe's nigh, with Love I glow.
Come, *Blouzelinda*, eaſe thy Swain's Deſire,
My Summer's Shadow, and my Winter's Fire!

Cuddy.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at Hay,
E'en Noon-tide Labour ſeem'd an Holiday;
And Holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky Days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
Eftſoons *, O Sweetheart kind, my Love repay,
And all the Year ſhall then be Holiday.

Lobbin Clout.

As *Blouzelinda*, in a gameſome Mood,
Behind a Hay-cock loudly laughing ſtood,
Slily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty Kiſs;
He wip'd her Lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to ſay,
Her Breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd Hay.

* *Very ſoon.*

CUDDY.

As my *Buxoma*, in a Morning fair,
With gentle Finger ſtroak'd her milky Care,
I queintly * ſtole a Kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my Vows,
Her Breath by far excell'd the breathing Cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welſh*, to *Dutchmen* Butter's dear,
Of *Iriſh* Swains Potatoe is the Cheer;
Oats for their Feaſts the *Scottiſh* Shepherd grind,
Sweet Turnips are the Food of *Blouzelind*:
While ſhe loves Turnips, Buttter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor Leeks, nor Oatmeal, nor Potatoe prize.

CUDDY.

In good Roaſt-Beef my Landlord ſticks his Knife,
The Capon fat delights his dainty Wife;
Pudding our Parſon eats, the Squire loves Hare,
But White-pot thick is my *Buxoma*'s Fare.

* *Waggiſhly.*

While ſhe loves White-pot, Capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor Hare, nor Beef, nor Pudding, Food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-Buff*, it hapt
bout my Eyes the Towel thick was wrapt:
miſs'd the Swains, and ſeiz'd on *Blouzelind*,
rue ſpeaks that ancient Proverb, *Love is blind.*

CUDDY.

As at *Hot-Cockles* once I laid me down,
d felt the weighty Hand of many a Clown;
xema gave a gentle Tap, and I
ick roſe, and read ſoft Miſchief in her Eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

n two near Elms the ſlacken'd Cord I hung,
high, now low, my *Blouzelinda* ſwung:
h the rude Wind her rumpled Garment roſe,
ſhow'd her taper Leg, and ſcarlet Hoſe.

CUDDY.

roſs the fallen Oak the Plank I laid,
myſelf pois'd againſt the tott'ring Maid:

High left the Plank and down *Buxoma* fell;
I ſpy'd — but faithful Sweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This Riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canſt explain;
This wily Riddle puzzles ev'ry Swain:
What Flow'r is that which bears the Virgin's Name,
The richeſt Metal joined with the ſame *?

CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou Carle, and judge this Riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning Wight:
What Flow'r is that which Royal Honour craves?
Adjoin the Virgin, *and 'tis ſtrewn on Graves*.

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending Louts, give o'er your Strains;
An oaken Staff each merits for his Pains.
But ſee the Sun-beams bright to Labour wake,
And gild the Thatch of Goodman Hay-Barn.

* *Marygold.* * *Roſe-mary.*

Your Herds for want of Water ſtand adry;
They're weary of your Songs — and ſo am I.

Thus much may ſuffice for the *Paſtoral*. Thoſe who deſire more may conſult the Verſions we have of *Theocritus*, and the admir'd Writings of our Countryman Mr. *Ambroſe Philips*. Let us now conſider the *Elegy*.

CHAP. VII.

Of the ELEGY.

Q. WHat is an Elegy?

A. A *mournful* and *plaintive* Kind of Poem, firſt invented to bewail the Death of a Friend, and afterwards uſed to expreſs the Complaints of Lovers, or any other doleful and melancholy Subject.

Q. Are no other Subjects admitted in this Sort of Poem?

A. Yes; in Process of Time, not only Matters of Grief, but Joy, Wishes, Prayers, Expostulations, Reproaches, Admonitions, and almost every other Subject, were admitted into *Elegy*; however, funeral Lamentations and Affairs of Love seem most agreeable to its Character.

Q. What Rules are to be observed in writing *Elegy?*

A. The Plan of an Elegy, as indeed of all other Poems, ought to be made before a Line is written; or else the Author will ramble in the Dark, and his Verses will have no Dependence on each other. No *epigrammatic Points* or *Conceits*, none of those *fine things* which most People are so fond of in every Sort of Poem, must be allow'd in this, but must give place to nobler Beauties, those of *Nature* and the *Passions*.

The

The *Elegy* is adorn'd with frequent *Commiserations, Complaints, Exclamations, Addresses, to Things or Persons*, short and proper *Digressions, Allusions, Comparisons* and *Prosopopœias* of feign'd Persons. The Diction ought to be *neat, easy, perspicuous, expressive of the Manners, tender*, and *pathetic*; and the Numbers *smooth* and *flowing*.—— These Rules are express'd in the following Verses.

The *Elegy* demands a solemn Stile:
It mourns with flowing Hair at fun'ral Pile;
It paints the Lover's Torments and Delights,
How the Nymph flatters, threatens, and invites.
But well those Raptures if you'd make us see,
You must know *Love* as well as *Poetry*.
The *Model* of this Poem should be made,
And ev'ry Step of all its Progress laid,
Each Part directed to some certain End,
And Verse on Verse perpetually depend.
No glitt'ring *Points*, nor any nice *Conceit*,
Must load the *Elegy* with foreign Weight:
Passion and *Nature* here avow their Right,
And with Disdain reject that mean Delight.

Remember

Remember that the *Diction* ev'ry where
Be *gentle*, *tender*, *neat*, *correct*, and *clear*;
Let it the *Manners* all along expreſs,
And ſhew the *Paſſions* in their proper Dreſs.
Throughout the Whole let nothing *rough* be found,
But ſtill preſerve its *ſmooth* and flowing Sound.

Q. Can't you give me a good *Elegy* or two by way of Example?

A. Yes; I ſhall chooſe one written by Mr *Pope* to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, which I believe will be ſufficient to give you a juſt Idea of the tender and mournful Character of this Kind of Poem.

What beck'ning Ghoſt along the Moonlight Shade
Invites my Step, and points to yonder Glade?
'Tis ſhe! — but why that bleeding Boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary Sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heav'n, a Crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,
To act a Lover's, or a *Roman*'s Part?

I

Is there no bright Reverſion in the Sky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her Soul aſpire
Above the vulgar Flight of low Deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt Abodes,
The glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their Images on Earth it flows,
And in the Breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows!
Moſt Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an Age,
Dull, ſullen Pris'ners in the Body's Cage:
Dim Lights of Life, that burn a Length of Years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as Lamps in Sepulchres;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy State they keep,
And cloſe confin'd in their own Palace ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying Sky.
As into Air the purer Spirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their Kindred Dregs below;
So flew the Soul to its congenial Place,
Nor left one Virtue to redeem her Race.
But thou, falſe Guardian of a Charge too good,
Thou mean Deſerter of thy Brother's Blood!
See on theſe ruby Lips the trembling Breath
Theſe Cheeks, now fading at the Blaſt o Death;

Col

Cold is that Breaſt which warm'd the World before,
And thoſe Love-darting Eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the Ball,
Thus ſhall your Wives, and thus your Children fall:
On all the Line a ſudden Vengeance waits,
And frequent Herſes ſhall beſiege your Gates.
There Paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long Fun'rals blacken all the Way)
Lo! theſe were they whoſe Souls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with Hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the Proud away,
The Gaze of Fools, and Pageant of a Day!
So periſh all, whoſe Breaſt ne'er learnt to glow
For others Good, or melt at others Woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd Shade!)
Thy Fate unpity'd, and thy Rites unpaid?
No Friend's Complaint, no kind domeſtic Tear
Pleas'd thy pale Ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful Bier.
By foreign Hands thy dying Eyes were clos'd,
By foreign Hands thy decent Limbs compos'd,

By

By foreign Hands thy humble Grave adorn'd,
By Strangers honour'd, and by Strangers
mourn'd!
What tho' no Friends in sable Weeds appear,
Grieve for an Hour, perhaps, then mourn a
Year,
And bear about the Mockery of Woe
To Midnight Dances, and the public Show;
What tho' no sacred Earth allow thee Room,
Nor hallow'd Dirge be mutter'd o'er thy
Tomb;
Yet shall thy Grave with rising Flow'rs be
dreſt,
And the green Turf lie lightly on thy Breast:
There shall the Morn her earlieſt Tears beſtow,
There the firſt Roſes of the Year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver Wings o'ershade
The Ground, now sacred by thy Reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a Stone, a Name,
What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth, and
Fame:
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A Heap of Duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the Proud shall be!

Poets

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd Ear, and mute the tuneful Tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe Soul now melts in mournful Lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous Tear he pays:
Then from his cloſing Eyes thy Form ſhall part,
And the laſt Pang ſhall tear thee from his Heart;
Life's idle Buſineſs at one Gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Ode.

Q. WHat Sort of Poem is an *Ode*?

A. The *Ode*, among the Ancients, ſignified no more than a *Song*, being a Compoſition proper to be ſung, and made for that Purpoſe; the Singing uſually accompanied with ſome Muſical Inſtrument, chiefly the *Lyre*, whence

whence this Kind of Poetry obtain'd the Name of *Lyric*.

Q. Is there no Difference then between an *Ode* and a *Song*.

A. Yes, with us they are different Things, the *Ode* being ſeldom ſung, except upon ſolemn Occaſions, and being uſually employ'd in grave and lofty Subjects, ſuch as the Praiſes of Heroes and great Exploits, and even of GOD himſelf.

Q. What Sort of Verſe is uſed in the *Ode*?

A. Oder generally conſiſt of Verſes of different Meaſures, (as you will ſee preſently) and are diſtinguiſh'd into *Stanzas* or *Strophes*, which are a certain Number of Verſes including a perfect Senſe, at the End of which the ſame Meaſures commonly begin again, and the Verſes are diſpos'd in the ſame Order with reſpect to the Rhyme, as in the former Stanza. But this depends

ſo

ſo much upon the Poet's Fancy, and the Stanza is capable of ſuch a vaſt Variety, that it would be Folly to attempt to lay down Rules concerning it.

Q. What is the Character of this Kind of Poem?

A. Its diſtinguiſhing Character is *Sweetneſs*; for the Poet is to ſooth the Minds of his Readers by the Variety of the Verſe, the Delicacy of the Words, the Beauty of the Numbers, and the Deſcription of Things moſt delightful in their own Nature.

Sweetneſs is moſt peculiar to the *Ode*,
Ev'n when it raiſes to the Praiſe of G O D.
Th' *Expreſſion* ſhould be eaſy, *Fancy* high;
Yet *That* not ſeem to creep, nor *This* to fly:
No Words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch Order all,
As, tho' hard wrought, may ſeem by Chance to fall.
Here Words obſcene will ſurely give Offence,
And in *all Poetry* debaſe the Senſe.
Variety of Numbers ſtill belong
To the ſweet Melody of *Ode* or *Song*.

Q. What

Q. What Examples of the *Ode* can you give me in the *Engliſh* Language?

A. I ſhall ſet down ſeveral, and thoſe upon various Subjects; for tho' the Ode (as I have ſaid) is generally uſed in lofty ones, it admits of *pleaſant*, *amorous*, *moral*, or *philoſophical* Subjects, and almoſt of any other whatſoever. And ſince *Horace* is eſteem'd the Prince of the ancient Lyric Poets, at leaſt among the *Latins*, it may not be amiſs to begin with a Tranſlation of one of his Odes, wherein he adviſes his Friend *Delius* to be content, and to live merrily, putting him in Mind of the Certainty of Death.

HOR. *Ode* 3. *Book* II.

An even Mind in ev'ry State,
Amidſt the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
Dear mortal *Delius*, always ſhow;
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemp'rate Joys appear,
to contract, or to extend thy Brow:

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run ſlowly clog'd with Hopes and Fears,
And ſit too heavy on thy Soul;
Or whether crown'd with Beds of Flow'rs,
Mirth ſoftly drives thy eaſy Hours,
And chears thy Spirits with the choiceſt Bowl.

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine,
And Myrtles friendly Branches join,
And hoſpitable Shades compoſe;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, and ſoftly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows:

There bring thy Wine, thy Odours ſpread
Let fading Roſes crown thy Head,
Whilſt Time and Age, and Life will bear
For you muſt leave your Groves, your Hou
And Farm, where yellow *Tyber* flows;
And thy heap'd Wealth ſhall fill thy gree
Heir.

For, whether ſprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meaneſt of the Crowd,
'Tis all a Caſe; there's nought can ſav
The Hand of Fate doth ſtrike at all,
And thou art ſurely doom'd to fall.
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.

Our Lots are caſt, Fate ſhakes the Urn,
And each Man's Lot muſt take his Turn;
Some ſoon leap out, and ſome more late:
But ſtill 'tis ſure each Mortal's Lot
Will doom his Soul to *Charon*'s Boat,
To bear th' eternal Baniſhment of Fate.

The following Ode is one of the Rev. Dr. *Watts*'s, a Gentleman to whom the World is indebted for many valuable Works, and who ſeems to have ſucceeded in the *Lyric* Way of Writing as well as any of the modern Poets; for a peculiar *Sweetneſs* (the Characteriſtic of the Ode) runs through all his Compoſitions of this Kind.

Few happy Matches.

I.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
To whom thy ſweeteſt Joys belong,
And who the happy Pairs,
Whoſe yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
Find Bleſſings twiſted with their Bands,
To ſoften all their Cares.

II.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtleſs fly into the Chains,
As Cuſtom leads the Way:
If there be Bliſs without Deſign,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

III.

Not ſordid Souls of earthly Mould,
Tho' drawn by kindred Charms of Gold,
To dull Embraces move:
So two rich Mountains of *Peru*
May ruſh to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inſpires
With wanton Flames; thoſe raging Fires
The purer Bliſs deſtroy:
On *Ætna*'s Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dreſs the Bed,
T' improve the burning Joy.

V.

Not the dull Pairs, whoſe Marble Forms
None of the melting Paſſions warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands:
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are married juſt like *Stoic* Souls,
With Oſiers for their Bands.

VI. N

VI.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear Bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly Concerts ſpring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
Or none beſides the Baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft Enchantments hold
Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
The Rugged and the Keen;
Samſon's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell,
With Firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage Mind;
For Love abhors the Sight:
Looſe the fierce Tiger from the Deer;
For native Rage and native Fear
Riſe, and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt Souls alone muſt meet;
'Tis Friendſhip makes the Bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual Loves:
Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentleſt Birds alone,
And *Cupid's* yoke the Doves.

The following Ode is one of Mr. *Pope*'s, and nothing more need be ſaid to recommend it.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

I.

Vital Spark of heavenly Flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the Pain, the Bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy Strife,
And let me languiſh into Life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my Senſes, ſhuts my Sight,
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes; it diſappears;
Heav'n opens on my Eyes; my Ears
With Sounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your Wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy Victory?
O Death, where is thy Sting?

Longi

Longinus has preſerv'd a Fragment of *Sappho*, an ancient *Greek* Poeteſs, which is in great Reputation amongſt the Criticks, and has been very well tranſlated into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Philips*. This Tranſlation being written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will permit, may give the Reader an Idea of the elegant Stile of the admired Author, and ſhew how exactly ſhe copied Nature. To enter into the Beauties of this Ode, we muſt ſuppoſe a Lover ſitting by his Miſtreſs, and thus expreſſing his Paſſion.

I.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And ſees and hears thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;

For while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt:

III.

My Boſom glow'd, the ſubtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play:
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

Having given this Inſtance of th
Sapphic Ode, it is proper to take n
tice of thoſe which are call'd *Anac*
ontic, being written in the Manner a
Taſte of *Anacreon*, a *Greek* Poet,
mous for the Delicacy of his Wit, a
the exquiſite yet eaſy and natural Tu
of his Poeſy. We have ſeveral of
Odes ſtill extant, and many mod
ones in Imitation of him, which

moſtly compoſed in Verſes of ſeven Syllables, or three Feet and a half. The following is tranſlated from *Anacreon* by the Rev. Mr. *Samuel Weſly*.

On the Rose.

the Garland-bearing Spring
o the Rose I ſtrike the String;
in the Concert while I ſing.
Scented firſt by heav'nly Breath
rung the Roſe for Man beneath;
grant Bloſſom! yielding Joy,
ar to *Venus* and her Boy;
the *Graces* dear, in Hours
l of Love and full of Flow'rs:
the *Muſes* it belongs,
ject of Poetic Songs:
et to him who haply ſtrays
btful, ſlow, through thorny Ways;
et to her who from the Stalk
ks it in her Morning's Walk,
t her Virgin-Hand may move
er Breaſt the Flow'r of Love.
om the Rose what Pleaſures riſe
he Gay, and to the Wiſe!

This

This with gladſome Wreaths inveſts
Vernal and Autumnal Feaſts;
Grace and Ornament affords
To our Altars and our Boards.
Roses all that's fair adorn;
Roſy-finger'd is the Morn,
Roſy-arm'd the Nymphs are ſeen,
Roſy-ſkin'd is Beauty's Queen.
Theſe the Sick and Languid pleaſe,
Nay the Dead are deck'd with theſe;
Theſe can even conquer Time,
Since, when faded from their Prime,
Still they breathe Perfume, and hold
Youthful Odour when they're old.
Say we whence the Rose's Bloom:
When, from the neglected Foam,
Hoary Ocean *Venus* gave
Dew-beſprinkled from the Wave;
When *Minerva*, fierce and fair,
Queen of Tumult and of War,
Iſſued from the Head of *Jove*,
Dreadful to the Realms above;
Then the gen'ral Mother Earth
Teem'd, and bore a flow'ry Birth,
New-born Rose, producing Thee,
Various, beauteous Progeny!
See the Gods in Council meet
See the Soil with Nectar ſweet,

ft they tinge! and quick the Rose
cred to *Lyæus* grows:
eathleſs Flow'r, divinely born!
orious Offspring of the Thorn!

I proceed now to the nobleſt Kind
Ode call'd the *Pindaric*, from its be-
g written in Imitation of the Manner
Pindar, an ancient *Greek* Poet, who
celebrated for the Boldneſs and
eight of his Flights, the Impetuoſity
his Style, and the ſeeming Wildneſs
d Irregularity that runs through his
ompoſitions, which yet is ſaid to be
e Effect of the greateſt Art. This
rt of Ode is diſtinguiſhed from all
hers by the happy Tranſitions and
greſſions which it admits, and the
rprizing yet natural Returns to the
bject. This requires great Judg-
ent and Genius, and the Poet who
ould excel in this Manner of Writing
ould draw the Plan of his Poem, and

mark

mark out the Places where theſe ele
gant Sallies and Wanderings may b
made, and where the Returns will b
eaſy and proper; otherwiſe it will b
nothing but Chaos and Confuſion i
ſonorous Verſes. In the *Pindaric* Od
the Stanza is not confin'd to a certa
Number of Verſes, nor the Verſes to
certain Number of Syllables, nor th
Rhymes to a certain Diſtance; ſo th
no Rules can be laid down as to the
Matters: However, it is not a wi
Inequality of Verſe that entitles a
Ode to the *Pindaric* Character, nor a
Pindar's Numbers ſo irregular as th
have been generally imagin'd.

Pindaric Odes are of the higheſt Flight,
Happy the Force, and fierce is the Delight.
The Poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd;
For Art and Nature in this Ode muſt join,
To make the wond'rous Harmony divine.

t tho' all ſeems to be in Fury done,
he Language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run;
he bright *Tranſitions* and *Digreſſions* riſe,
nd with their natural *Returns* ſurprize.

Mr. *Cowley* was the firſt that intro-
ced this Sort of Poetry into our Lan-
age, and none of our Poets ſeem to
ve come nearer to the Character of
ndar, whoſe Odes he has tranſlated
mirably well, which we therefore
commend to be peruſed and ſtudied
our young Readers: But as ſome
y think him now and then defective
her in his Diction or his Numbers
hich, if he be ſo, muſt be attributed
rely to the Time he wrote in) we
ll take Examples of the *Pindaric*
de from the moſt celebrated of our
dern Poets; the firſt ſhall be that of
. *Dryden* in honour of St. CECILIA's
y, entitled ALEXANDER's *Feaſt*, or
e *Power of* MUSIC; wherein we
find

find a wonderful Sublimity of Thought a Loftineſs and Sweetneſs of Expreſſion, and a moſt pleaſing Variety of Numbers.

'Twas at the royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike Son,
Aloft in awful State
The god-like Hero ſate
On his imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd arou
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myr
bound,
(So ſhould Deſert in Arms be crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming *eaſtern* Bride,
In flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride,
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.
Chor. *Happy, happy,*

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And heav'nly Joys inſpire.
The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love!)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then round her ſlender Waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.
The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound:
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.
Chor. *With raviſh'd Ears*, &c.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:

The

The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes, h
comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure:
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure:
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.
Chor. Bacchus' *Blessings*, &c

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thri
he slew the Slain.
The Master saw the Madness rise;
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft Pity to infuse:

He ſung *Darius* great and good,
By two ſevere a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.
Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.
With down-caſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole;
And Tears began to flow.
Chor. *Revolving*, &c.

The mighty Maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree:
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying.
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies, with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the Cauſe.
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.
Chor. *The Prince*, &c.

Now ſtrike the golden Lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the Furies ariſe:
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!

The

Thoſe are *Grecian* Ghoſts, that in Battle were
ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the Plain.
Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew.
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods.
The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to
deſtroy;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
Chor. *And the King ſeiz'd*, &c.
Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to rage, or kindle ſoft
Deſire.
At laſt divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventreſs of the vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-wit, and Arts unknown
before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.
Grand Chor. *At laſt*, &c.

As Mr. *Pope* has employ'd his maſterly Pen upon the ſame Subject, it would be doing him a Sort of Injuſtice not to let him appear with Mr. *Dryden*. Each of theſe Odes, we may venture to ſay, are written with a Spirit of Poetry peculiar to the great Genius of their reſpective Authors; but which of them has beſt ſucceeded in the *Pindaric* Manner, let the Critics determine.

ODE *on St.* CECILIA's *Day.* *By Mr.* POPE.

I.

Deſcend ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing Inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into Voice each ſilent String,
And ſweep the ſounding Lyre!

In

In a ſadly pleaſing Strain
Let the warbling Lute complain:
Let the loud Trumpet ſound,
Till the Roofs all around
The ſhrill Echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd Notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn Organs blow.
Hark! the Numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the Ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading Sounds the Skies:
Exulting in Triumph now ſwell the bold Notes,
In broken Air, trembling, the wild Muſic floats;
Till, by Degrees, remote and ſmall,
The Strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying Fall.

II.

By Muſic Minds an equal Temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the Breaſt tumultuous Joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft aſſuaſive Voice applies;
Or when the Soul is preſs'd with Cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning Airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated Sounds,
Pours Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds:
Melancholy lifts her Head,
Morpheus rouzes from his Bed,

Sloth unfolds her Arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her Snakes;
Intestine War no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their Rage.

III.

But when our Country's Cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial Muſic ev'ry Boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold Veſſel dar'd the Seas,
High on the Stern the *Thracian* rais'd his Strain,
While *Argo* ſaw her kindred Trees
Deſcend from *Pelion* to the Main.
Tranſported Demi-gods ſtood round,
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
Enflam'd with Glory's Charms:
Each Chief his ſev'nfold Shield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining Blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal Bounds
Which flaming *Phlegeton* ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale Nations of the Dead.
What Sounds were heard,
What Scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary Coaſts!
Dreadful Gleams,
Diſmal Screams, Fires

Fires that glow,
Shrieks of Woe,
Sullen Moans,
Hollow Groans,
And Cries of tortur'd Ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden Lyre,
And ſee, the tortur'd Ghoſts reſpire!
See, ſhady Forms advance!
Thy Stone, O *Siſyphus*, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his Wheel,
And the pale Spectres dance!
The *Furies* ſink upon their Iron Beds,
And Snakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their Heads.

V.

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' *Elyſian* Flow'rs;
By thoſe happy Souls who dwell
In yellow Meads of Aſphodel,
Or amaranthine Bow'rs;
By the Heroes armed Shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades;
By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
Wand'ring in the Myrtle Grove;
Reſtore, reſtore *Eurydice* to Life:
Oh take the Huſband, or return the Wife!

He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r;
Stern *Proſerpine* relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had faſt bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet Muſic and Love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the Lover turns his Eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal Siſters move?
No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love.
Now under hanging Mountains
Beſide the Fall of Fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Mæanders*,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his Moan;
And calls her Ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidſt *Rhodope*'s Snows:

See,

ee, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desart he flies!
ark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals*
Cries —

—— Ah see, he dies!
et ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he sung,
urydice still trembled on his Tongue,
Eurydice the Woods,
Eurydice the Floods,
urydice the Rocks and hollow Mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest Grief can charm,
And Fate's severest Rage disarm:
Music can soften Pain to Ease,
And make Despair and Madness please:
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the Bliss above.
This the divine CECILIA found,
d to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound.
hen the full Organ joins the tuneful Quire,
Th' immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear;
ne on the swelling Notes our Souls aspire,
ile solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire,
And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
bright *Cecilia* greater Pow'r is given;
His Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell,
Hers lift the Soul to Heav'n.

Thus

Thus much may ſuffice for the *Pindaric* Poetry; but before we quit the Subject we are upon, it is proper to ſay ſomething of that Species of Ode which we call *Songs*, being little poetical Compoſitions ſet to a Tune, and frequently ſung in Company by way of Entertainment and Diverſion. Of theſe we have vaſt Numbers among us, but not many that are excellent; for, as the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire* obſerves,

Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no Part
Of Poetry requires a nicer Art:
For as in Rows of richeſt Pearl there lies
Many a Blemiſh that eſcapes our Eyes,
The leaſt of which Defects is plainly ſhown
In ſome ſmall Ring, and brings the Value down
So *Songs* ſhould be to juſt Perfection wrought
Yet where can one be found without a Fault

The *Song* admits of almoſt any Subject, but the greateſt Part of them turn either

her upon *Love* or *Drinking*. Be the bject, however, what it will, the rſes ſhould be eaſy, natural and flow-, and contain a certain Harmony, that Poetry and Muſic may be agree-y united. In theſe Compoſitions, as all others, obſcene and profane Ex-eſſions ſhould be carefully avoided, d indeed every Thing that tends to e off the Reſpect which is due to ligion and Virtue, and to encourage ce and Immorality. I ſhall here e the Reader a few of our beſt mo-n Songs, and I know of none that been more juſtly admired than the lowing one, written by the ingeni-s Mr. *Gay*, wherein he has deſcribed o Lovers taking Leave of each other the moſt tender and affecting Man-.

All

All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true Love find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:
The Cord slides swiftly through his glowi
Hands,
And (quick as Lightning) on the Deck h
stands.

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mate's shrill Call he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest.
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
Might envy *William*'s Lips those Kisses swee

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,
My Vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye Winds; my Heart shall b
The faithful Compass that still points to the

Belie

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
s, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
r thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s Coaſt we ſail,
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Di'monds bright;
Thy Breath is *Afric*'s ſpicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
us ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
kes in my Soul ſome Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn,
Tho' Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms
William ſhall to his Dear return.
e turns aſide thoſe Balls that round me fly,
t precious Tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his Head:
leſs'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land;
eu, ſhe cries! and wav'd her lily Hand.

To this give me leave to add the fo
lowing Song, by the ſame ingenio
Gentleman, which, perhaps, is equ
to any Piece we have, of this Kind
Poeſy.

'Twas when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blaſts of Wind,
A Damſel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring Billows,
She caſt a wiſhful Look;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas?

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear!

Should you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?

No Eye thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,
Repaid each Blaſt with ſighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:

When o'er the white Waves ſtooping
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a Lily drooping,
She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

The following Song, wherein a Shepherd in Love complains of the l constancy of his Miſtreſs, has ſo muc of the Pathetic in it, the Thoughts a ſo natural, and the Language ſo we adapted to the Subject, that I think deſerves to be reckon'd amongſt t beſt Compoſitions of this Nature.

Deſpairing beſide a clear Stream
A Shepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme
A Willow ſupported his Head:
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook in return to his Pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld her fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too gre
I liſten'd, and ſigh'd when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ſweet!

ow fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown,
that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine Folks of the Town;
think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
go clad like our Maidens in gray,
And live in a Cottage on Love!

hat tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
hat tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Colin! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
y Fair-one inclines to a Swain
Whoſe Muſic is ſweeter than thine.

l you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
atever I ſuffer, forbear,
orbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
hro' the wide World I ſhould range,
Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
as her's to be falſe and to change,
Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plai
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave
Let her own that her Shepherd was tru

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

In the next Song, the peeviſh U
eaſineſs of a Lover, in the Abſence
his Miſtreſs, is very naturally deſcrib
and there are ſo many Beauties ſ
ter'd through the whole, that I
perſuaded the Reader will not be
pleaſed with the Length of it.

My Time, O ye *Muſes*, was happily ſpent,
When *Phœbe* went with me wherever I went;
Ten thouſand ſweet Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt:
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find!
When Things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up to play, or to lie down to ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My Fair-one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phœbe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſic to hear:

But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And ſtill, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide.
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me
complain.

When my Lambkins around me would
tentimes play,
And when *Phœbe* and I were as joyful as the
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy
Time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all
their Prime!
But now in their Frolicks when by me
paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces a handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair-one
me;
And *Phœbe* was pleas'd too, and to the
ſaid,
Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted
Head:

But now when he's fawning, I, with a four Look
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phœbe*'s away?

When walking with *Phœbe*, what Sights have I ſeen!
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges and ev'ry thing made!
But ſince ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of 'em now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſic went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;

Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did
bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our
Feet:
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom be
guile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daſies, why do they no
ſmile?
Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt
And made yourſelves fine for, a Place in he
Breaſt:
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom
die.

How ſlowly Time creeps till my *Phœbe* re
turn,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool Breez
I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he wo
tread,
I would breathe on his Wings, and 'two
melt down the Lead.

Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah! *Colin*, old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, *Colin*, thy Paſſion remove;
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
Or ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one ſo fair.

To the foregoing Songs, which are generally known and allow'd to be Maſter-pieces of the Kind, I ſhall take the Freedom to add one that has never before appear'd in Public.

I.

When *Chloe* was here, and my Suit did approve,
All Nature look'd gay, and the Fields were in Love:

Our Lambkins came ſkipping around us to ſee
A Pair ſo united, ſo happy as We.

II.

When to ſhun the Mid-Heat, to the Wood
we repair,
The Birds hover round us all charm'd with the
Fair;
They lend a ſoft Ear to the Voice of my Love,
And warble our Vows through the echoing
Grove.

III.

E'en the Fiſhes that glide in the murmuring
Rill,
That meanders along at the Foot of the Hill,
Peep out of the Stream when my Charmer
they hear,
And leap and rejoice that my *Chloe*'s ſo near.

IV.

'Twas her Preſence alone that enliven'd the
Day,
And every Month with my *Chloe* was *May:*
No Lady at Court with my deareſt could vie;
No Lord of 'em all was ſo happy as I.

V. Bu

V.

But now she is gone, how severe is my Woe!
And Nature seems sicken'd wherever I go:
My Lambkins no longer will sport on the Plain,
But drooping lie down, and all bleating complain.

VI.

The Grove, when I traverse to soften my Care,
No Warblers I find — for my *Chloe*'s not there;
But (instead of the Linnet) the Screech-Owl, the Crow,
And the Raven's hoarse Croaking add Woe to my Woe.

VII.

The Fish in the sweet purling Stream that ran by,
Through Sorrow lie dead, and the Rivulet's dry.
Dear *Chloe*, adieu! — Farewel all ye Swains;
Adieu to my Pipe, to my Sheep, to the Plains!

To these amorous Songs let me add another, describing the Happiness of a married Couple, wherein the Numbers are sweet and flowing, and the Language exceedingly natural and easy.

At *Upton* on the Hill,
There lives a happy Pair;
The Swain his Name is *Will*,
And *Molly* is the Fair.
Ten Years are gone and more
Since *Hymen* join'd theſe two,
Their Hearts were one before
The ſacred Rites they knew.

Since which auſpicious Day
Sweet Harmony does reign;
Both love, and both obey:
Hear this each Nymph and Swain.
If haply Cares invade,
(As who is free from Care?)
Th' Impreſſion's lighter made,
By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
They've no ambitious View;
In Plenty live, not State,
Nor envy thoſe that do.
Sure Pomp is empty Noiſe,
And Cares increaſe with Wealth,
They aim at truer Joys,
Tranquillity and Health.

With Safety and with Eaſe
Their preſent Life does flow;
They fear no raging Seas,
Nor Rocks that lurk below.
May ſtill a ſteady Gale
Their little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail
Till Life itſelf ſhall end.

After ſo many Songs on the Subject of *Love*, it may be expected I ſhould add one, at leaſt, in Praiſe of *Wine*. I have accordingly choſen the following, which, in my Opinion, is the beſt of the Kind that has appear'd in our Language. The Thought is very pretty, that the Wiſdom of the ancient Philoſophers was owing to the generous Juice of the Vine; and the Alluſions to ſome principal Part of their Characters, or to ſome remarkable Story which has been handed down to us concerning them, are particularly beautiful.

Diogenes

Diogenes ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Becauſe in good Wine there is Truth:
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
And unable to purchaſe a Flaſk,
He choſe for his Manſion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
To tipple and cheriſh his Heart,
And, when he was maudling, would cry
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
'Twas only his Cuſtom to drink
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
And would laugh like a Man that was mad
When over a full flowing Bowl:
As long as his Cellar was ſtor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the beſt
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round as a Chariot Wheel.

Ariſtotle, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine;
And what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly, moſt Authors agree,
Was as big as a Watering-Trough;
He therefore leapt into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits we ne'er ſhou'd have known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhou'd have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this Collection with that well-known but excellent Song of the Miller of *Mansfield*, which, for the pleaſant Smartneſs of the Satyr, the natural Turns of Thought, and Eaſineſs of Expreſſion, cannot be too much admired.

How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be leſs!
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.
What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go?
The more he is powder'd the more like a Beau:
A Clown in his Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in a Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean:
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without Scruple from other Men's Sacks?
In this of Right Nobles Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State,
Whoſe Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt to his Mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing;
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

Theſe Examples, of a Sort of Poem which admits of an almoſt endleſs Variety, are ſome of the beſt that have fallen under my Obſervation. I forbear ſaying any Thing in particular of the *Madrigal*, *Roundelay*, and ſome other Species of the *Ode* or *Song*, as being trifling in themſelves, and little known amongſt us; beſides, that I fear the Reader

Reader will think I have already detained him too long upon this Subject.

CHAP. IX.

Of SATIRE.

Q. WHAT is a *Satire?*

A. It is a *free, jocose, witty,* and *sharp* Poem, wherein the Follies and Vices of Mankind are *lash'd* and *ridiculed,* in order to their Reformation. Its subject therefore is whatever deserves our *Contempt* or *Abhorrence*; its Manner is *Invective,* and its End *Shame.* So that Satire may be look'd upon as the Physician of a distemper'd Mind, which it endeavours to cure by bitter and unsavoury but salutary Applications.

Q. What are the Qualifications requisite in a good Satyrist?

A. I

A. He ought to be a Man of Wit
d Addreſs, Sagacity and Eloquence.
e ſhould alſo have a great deal of
ood-Nature, as all the Sentiments
hich are beautiful in this Way of
iting, muſt proceed from that Qua-
in the Author. It is Good-Nature
oduces that Diſdain of all Baſeneſs,
e and Folly, which prompts the
t to expreſs himſelf with Smartneſs
inſt the Errors of Men, but with-
Bitterneſs to their Perſons. It is
Quality that keeps the Mind even,
never lets an Offence unſeaſonably
w the Satyriſt out of his Cha-
er.

: What is chiefly to be obſerved
iting Satire?

In the firſt Place, that it be *true*
general, that is, levelled at Abuſes
hich Numbers are intereſted; for
erſonal Kind of Satire, or that
h expoſes particular Characters,

and affects Men's Reputation, is scar
to be distinguished from Scandal a
Defamation. The Poet must also ta
care, that, whilst he is endeavouring
correct the Guilty, he do not m
use of Expressions that may corrupt
Innocent; he must therefore avoid
obscene Words and Images. In
respect *Horace* and *Juvenal*, the c
Satyrists among the *Romans*, are fau
and ought to be read with Caution.

Q. What is the Style proper
Satire?

A. It is sometimes *grave* and
mated, inveighing against Vice
Warmth and Earnestness; but
which is *pleasant*, *sportive*, and f
Raillery, has generally the best E
as it seems only to *play* with
Follies, tho' it omits no Opportun
making them feel the Lash. The
guage should be *manly* and *decen*
the Verses *smooth* and *flowing*. —

ules are well expreſs'd in the follow-
g Lines.

Folly and Vice of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
hat wound our Reaſon, or debaſe the Mind,
l that deſerves our Laughter or our Hate,
o biting *Satire*'s Province does relate.
e Slothful, Paraſite, affected Fool,
' Ungrateful and the pert loquacious Tool,
e Luſtful, Drunkard, th' avaritious Slave,
e noiſy Bravo, and the tricking Knave,
ire by wholeſome Leſſons would reclaim,
d heal their Vices, to ſecure their Fame.
The *Latin* Writers Decency neglect,
modern Readers challenge more Reſpect,
d at immodeſt Writings take Offence,
lean Expreſſions cover not the Senſe.
ire ſhould be from all Obſceneneſs free,
impudent, and yet preach Modeſty.
ood *Satire* comes not but from Men of
Senſe,
, and Sagacity, and Eloquence;
good Addreſs, and ſuch a Poignancy
may conſiſt with Mirth and Pleaſantry.
e you muſt hide, and Prejudice lay down;
atire's Smile is ſharper than its Frown.
o Parts diſtinct does biting *Satire* know,
without certain Rules its Courſe will go.

Oft by Inſinuation it begins,
And oft abruptly falls upon our Sins:
But this Abruptneſs ſhould regard the Whol
Which muſt its Words and Manner to co
troul,
Let flowing Language utter all you ſay,
And ſmootheſt Words the ſharpeſt Thoug
convey.

According to the Method I have h
therto obſerved, I ſhall here give t
Reader a Specimen of this Kind
Poem, and one of the beſt that
Language affords. It is a Satire ca
Mack Flecknoe, written by the celeb
ed Mr. DRYDEN, which has been j
ly admired and praiſed by the grea
Critics.

MACK FLECKNOE.

All human Things are ſubject to deca
And, when Fate ſummons, Monarchs
obey.
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Auguſtus*,
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd

Proſe and Verſe, was own'd without Diſpute,
hrough all the Realms of *Nonſenſe*, abſolute.
his aged Prince, now flouriſhing in Peace,
nd bleſt with Iſſue of a large Increaſe;
orn out with Buſineſs, did at length debate
ſettle the Succeſſion of the State:
d pond'ring, which of all his Sons was fit
reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
y'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
ould only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
—— alone my perfect Image bears,
ture in Dulneſs from his tender Years:
—— alone, of all my Sons, is he,
o ſtands confirm'd in full Stupidity.
e reſt, to ſome faint Meaning make Pretence,
Sh—— never deviates into Senſe.
ne Beams of Wit on others Souls may fall,
ke through, and make a lucid Interval;
Sh——'s genuine Night admits no Ray,
riſing Fogs prevail upon the Day.
des, his goodly Fabrick fills the Eye,
ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs Majeſty:
oughtleſs as Monarch Oaks, that ſhade the Plain,
, ſpread in ſolemn State, ſupinely reign.
wood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
u laſt great Prophet of Tautology.

Even I, a Dance of more Renown than they
Was ſent before but to prepare thy Way;
And, coarſely clad in *Norwich* Drugget, came
To teach the Nations in thy greater Name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I while, ſtrung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,
Was but the Prelude to that glorious Day,
When thou on Silver *Thames* didſt cut thy Way
With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celeſtial Charge
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* Blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* ſail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy Nail
At thy well-ſharpen'd Thumb from Shore to
Shore,
The Trebles ſqueak for Fear, the Baſes roar
Echoes from *Piſſing-Alley Sh*—— call,
And *Sh*—— they reſound from *Aſton-Hall*.
About thy Boat the little Fiſhes throng
As at the Morning Toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy harmonious Band
Thou wield'ſt thy Papers in thy threſhing Hand.
St. *Andre*'s Feet ne'er kept more equal Time,
Not ev'n the Feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s Rhime;
Tho' they in Number as in Senſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like Tautology, they fell,

hat, pale with Envy, *Singleton* foreſwore
he Lute and Sword, which he in Triumph bore,
nd vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old *Sire*, and wept for Joy,
ſilent Raptures of the hopeful Boy.
l Arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſuade,
hat for anointed Dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
he fair *Auguſta* much to Fears inclin'd)
ancient Fabrick, rais'd t'inform the Sight,
here ſtood of Yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
Watch-Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
all the Pile an empty Name remains:
om its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
enes of lewd Loves and of polluted Joys,
here their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
d, undiſturb'd by Watch, in Silence ſleep *.

* Parodies on theſe Lines of COWLEY.
(*Davideis*, Book I.)

here their vaſt Courts the Mother-waters *keep,*
d undiſturb'd by Moons, *in Silence ſleep.*

Near these a Nursery erects its Head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes
bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and
cry,
Where Infant Punks their tender Voices
try *,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear;
But gentle *Simpkin* just Reception finds
Amidst this Monument of vanish'd Minds:
Pure Clinches the Suburbian Muse affords,
And *Panton* waging harmless War with Words
Here *Flecknoe*, as a Place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
For ancient *Decker* prophesy'd long since,
That in this Pile should reign a mighty
Prince,
Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of
Sense.
To whom true Dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Misers* from his Pen should
flow;

Humours

Parodies on these Lines of COWLEY,
(*Davideis*, Book I.)

* ——*Where* unfledg'd Tempests *lie*,
And infant Winds *their* tender Voices *try*.

Humouriſts and *Hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſh'd the Renown
Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
Rous'd by Report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bunhill*, and diſtant *Watling-Street*.
No *Perſian* Carpets ſpread th' Imperial Way,
But ſcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:
From duſty Shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby*, there lay,
But Loads of *Sh*—— almoſt choak'd the Way.
Bilk'd Stationers for Yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And *H*——*n* was Captain of the Guard.
The Hoary Prince in Majeſty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his Right-hand our young *Aſcanius* ſate,
Rome's other Hope, and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick Fogs, inſtead of Glories, grace,
And lambent Dulneſs play'd around his Face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his Sire a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— ſwore, nor ſhould his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true Dulneſs would maintain;

And,

And, in his Father's Right, and Realm's Defence,
Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor Truce with Senſe.
The King himſelf the ſacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Prieſt by Trade.
In his ſiniſter Hand, inſtead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
Love's Kingdom to his Right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre, and his Rule of Sway;
Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe Loins recorded *Pſyche* ſprung:
His Temples, laſt, with Poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his Head.
Juſt at the Point of Time, if Fame not lye,
On his left Hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s Brook
Preſage of Sway from twice ſix Vultures took.
Th' admiring Throng loud Acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The Sire then ſhook the Honours of his Head,
And from his Brows Damps of Oblivion ſhed
Full on the Filial Dulneſs: Long he ſtood,
Repelling from his Breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic Mood.

Heav'n

Heav'ns bleſs my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* or the Weſtern Main;
Of this Dominion may no End be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom, let him ſtretch his Pen!——
He paus'd, and all the People cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus, continued he: My Son, advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without Birth, and Fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſos* in five Years be writ;
Yet not one Thought accuſe thy Toil of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in Triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their Folly ſhew the Writer's Wit.
Yet ſtill thy Tools ſhall ſtand in thy Defence,
And juſtify their Author's want of Senſe.
Let them be all by thy own Model made
Of Dulneſs, and deſire no foreign Aid;
That they to future Ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but Iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy Men of Wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in Name.
But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpoſe
To lard with Wit thy hungry *Epſom* Proſe.

And

And when falſe Flowers of *Rhetoric* thou would'ſt cull,
Truſt Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and in each Line,
Sir *Formal*'s Oratory will be thine:
Sir *Formal*, tho' unſought, attends thy Quill,
And does by *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let falſe Friends ſeduce thy Mind to Fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon*'s hoſtile Name.
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy Mind with Praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy Envy raiſe.
Thou art my Blood, where *Johnſon* has no Part:
What Share have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his Wit on Learning fix a Brand,
And rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s Vein,
Or ſwept the Duſt in *Pſyche*'s humble Strain?
Where ſold he Bargains, Whip-ſtitch, kiſs my Arſe,
Prom'is'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?
When did his Muſe from *Fletcher* Scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridge* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as Oil and Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous Way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Bias of thy Mind,
By which, one Way, to Dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy Writings lean on one Side
still,
And, in all Changes, that Way bends thy Will.
Nor let thy Mountain-Belly make Pretence
Of Likeness; thine's a Tympany of Sense.
A Ton of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of Wit.
Like mine, thy gentle Numbers feebly creep;
Thy Tragic Muse gives Smiles, thy Comic,
Sleep,
With whate'er Gall thou set'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive Satires never bite.
In thy felonious Heart tho' Venom lies;
It does but touch thy pointless Pen, and dies.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing Plays, and choose for thy Command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.
There thou may'st *Wings* display and *Altars* raise,
And torture one poor Word ten thousand Ways.
Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent Talents suit,
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy Lute.

He

He ſaid; but his laſt Words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a Trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking, he left his Drugget Robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean Wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's Part,
With double Portion of his Father's Art.

Before I leave this Subject, it may not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of the *Burleſque* Kind of Poetry, which is chiefly uſed by Way of Drollery and Ridicule, and therefore I know not where I can more properly ſpeak of it than under the Head of *Satire*. An excellent Example of this Kind is a Poem in Blank Verſe, intitled, *The Splendid Shilling*, written by Mr. *John Philips*, which, in the Opinion of one of the beſt Judges of this Age, is the fineſt Burleſque in the *Engliſh* Language. In this Poem the Author has handled a low Subject in the lofty Stile

and Numbers of *Milton*; in which Way of Writing Mr. *Philips* has been imitated by ſeveral, but none have come up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. When we read it, we are betray'd into a Pleaſure that we could not expect; tho', at the ſame time, the Sublimity of the Stile, and Gravity of the Phraſe, ſeem to chaſtiſe that Laughter which they provoke. The Poet's Invocation to his Muſe, is prefix'd to his Poem by Way of Motto.

——— ——— — *Sing, heav'nly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, *and* Chimeras *dire.*

Happy the Man, who, void of Care and Strife,
In ſilken or in leathern Purſe retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe,

To

To *Jun'per's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* * repairs;
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul and kindled am'rous Flames,
CHLOE or PHILLIS, he each circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he ſmokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff,
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain;
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent.
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size,
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree
Sprung from *Cadwaladar* and *Arthur*, King
Full famous in romantic Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of ſam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe
High

* *Alehouſes of Note in* Oxford, *when the Author wrote this Poem.*

High over-ſhadowing rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Incircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.
Thus, while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure and ſilent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aërial Citadel aſcends;
With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Wood-hole: ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Thro' ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
His ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Disaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right-hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,

With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men!) beh
him ſtalks
Another Monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of Aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the G
With Force incredible and magic Charms
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wo
To ſome inchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coe
Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till, in Fo
Of Money, PALLAS ſets the Captive fre
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, be
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent W
With his unhallow'd Touch. (So Poet
Grimalkin, to domeſtic Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Ey
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky G
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtle
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowel'd Web
A

Arachne in a Hall or Kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell: the humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their Arts or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue.
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Heleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides
He tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my Days: But when nocturnal Shades
This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumbing Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood,
I lonely ſitting, nor the glimm'ring Light
Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Loving Friend delights: diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Adſt the Horrors of the tedious Night
Kling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
Anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
E, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,

Or desp'rate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless wish and rave; my parched Throa
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager in a Dream
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom cur
Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debar
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Ra
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut*, in rough-furrow'd Coat secure
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in Decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain;
My *Galligaskins*, that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury and encroaching Frost
By Time subdu'd (what will not Time subdu
An horrid Chasm discloses, with Orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the Wind
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Wa
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Bla
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th'*Ægean* Dea
Or the *Ionian*, till, cruising near

The *Lilybæan* Shore, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd
Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous
Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they pray:
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring Waves ruſh
in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

This Poem, as I have hinted already, is looked upon as a Maſter-piece in its kind; but there is another Sort of Verſe and Style, which is moſt frequently made Uſe of in treating any Subject in a ludicrous Manner, I mean that which is generally called *Hudibraſtic*, from an admirable Poem, intitled *Hudibras*, written by the ingenious Mr. *Samuel Butler*. Almoſt

every one knows that this Poem is a Satire upon the Authors of our Civil Diſſenſions in the Reign of King *Charles* I. wherein the Poet has, with Abundance of Wit and Humour, expoſed and ridiculed the Hypocriſy or blind Zeal of thoſe unhappy Times. In ſhort, it is a Kind of *burleſque Epic Poem*, which, for the Oddity of the Rhimes, the Quaintneſs of the Similies, the Novelty of the Thoughts, and that fine Raillery which runs through the whole Performance, is not to be paralleled. But a few Paſſages, choſen out of the Work I am ſpeaking of, will give the Reader the beſt Idea of this Sort of Poetry: And firſt, I ſhall take Part of the Character of Sir *Hudibras* the Hero of the Poem, whoſe Qualifications the Author thus pleaſantly deſcribes.

We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.
Unless on Holidays, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known, he could speak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs squeak;
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one Word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, altho' they're found
To flourish most in barren Ground,
He had such Plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truly so he was, perhaps,
But as a Proselyte, but for Claps.
He was in *Logic* a great Critic,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic:
He cou'd distinguish and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* Side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change Hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by Force
Of Argument a Man's no Horse;

He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an *Owl*,
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Truſtees*.
He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination:
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In Mood and Figure, he would do.
For *Rhetoric*, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' Middle of his Speech, or laugh,
H' had hard Words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by;
Elſe, when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk:
For all a *Rhetorician*'s Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his Speech
In Loftineſs of Sound was rich;
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd Dreſs
Of patch'd and pye-bald Languages;
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous Tone,
As if he talk'd three Parts in one;

Which

Which made ſome think when he did gabble,
They'd heard three Labourers of *Babel*,
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly wou'd vent
As if his Stock wou'd ne'er be ſpent;
And truly to ſupport that Charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New Words, with little or no Wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no Stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with haſty Noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em:
That had the Orator, who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble-ſtones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phraſe,
He wou'd have us'd no other Ways.
In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:
For he, by geometric Scale,
Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;
Reſolve by Sines and Tangents ſtreight,
If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;
And wiſely tell what Hour o' th' Day
The Clock does ſtrike, by Algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd Philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloſs over:
Whate'er

Whate'er the crabbed'ſt Author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit Faith;
Whatever Sceptic could enquire for,
For ev'ry *Why* he had a *Wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of 'em do,
As far as Words and Terms could go:
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And, as Occaſion ſerv'd, wou'd quote;
No Matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His Notions fitted Things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſts of defunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſic* Wit can fly.

Then, as to *School Divinity*, the Poet compares his Knight to the moſt famous Doctors, and tells us that he was

Profound

Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all;
For he a Rope of Sand could twiſt
As tough as learned *Sorboniſt*,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a Trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch on Purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall Pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies;
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.
What *Adam* dream'd of, when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his Side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter;
If either of them had a Navel;
Who firſt made Muſic malleable;

Whether

Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven Feet, or none at all:
All this, without a Gloſs or Comment,
He could unriddle in a Moment,
In proper Terms, ſuch as Men ſmatter
When they throw out and miſs the Matter.

Soon after this, when the Poet comes to give us an Account of the Knight's Companion in his Adventures, he has a pretty Sneer upon the Uſe of *Rhymes* in Poetry, to which good Senſe is too frequently forced to ſubmit.

A Squire he had, whoſe Name was *Ralph*,
That in th'Adventure went his Half.
Tho' Writers, for more ſtately Tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not plain *Ralph:*
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their
Courſes.)

When Sir *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* are made Priſoners, and ſet in the Stocks,

it

it is pleaſant to obſerve with what philoſophical Reflections the Knight endeavours to comfort himſelf and the Squire under their Afflictions: That tho' the Body may be confin'd, the Soul is incapable of Reſtraint; that our Liberty depends upon keeping our Paſſions in Subjection: and that *Diogenes*, contented within the narrow Limits of a Tub, was more happy than *Alexander*, who is ſaid to have wept becauſe he had not another World to conquer.

But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with Ends of Verſe,
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, th' one half of Man, his Mind,
Is *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
What e'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty
That makes Men Priſoners or free,
But Perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind or Equanimities.

The whole World was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a narrow paltry Tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put Finger i'th'Eye, and ſob,
Becauſe he'had ne'er another Tub.

The Reflection that they had fought bravely, and gain'd *Honour* by the Action, tho' they had the Misfortune to be beaten, is another Alleviation of his Diſtreſs.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no Honour by't.
Honour's a Leaſe for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant; 'tis a Chattel
Not to be forfeited in Battle.
If he that is in Battle ſlain
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,

Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
He ſhines in ſerene Sky moſt bright:
So Valour in a low Eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.

Theſe Lines put me in mind of another Paſſage in this Poem, where the Seat of *Honour* is very humorouſly ſuppoſed to be in the *Breech*, becauſe a Kick on that Part is look'd upon as one of the greateſt Indignities that can be offer'd, and creates an immediate and ſtrong Reſentment in the Perſon who receives it.

—— *Honour* in the Breech is lodg'd,
As wiſe Philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a Kick in *that Part* more
Hurts *Honour*, than deep Wounds *before*.

Who can forbear ſmiling at that *ſound* and *ſalutary* Reaſoning, whereby Squire *Ralpho* demonſtrates the Prudence and Advantages of a timely Flight, rather than

And tho' reduc'd to that Extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*,
Yet with religious Blaſphemy,
By fiatt'ring Heaven with a Lie,
And for their Beating giving Thanks,
They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Ban
For thoſe who run from th' Enemy
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the Day that win the Race.

But it is Time to have done; fo
ſelect all the beautiful Paſſages of
inimitable Poem, would be almo
tranſcribe the whole. I therefore
ceed to *Comedy*, which naturally
lows Satire, its *End* being the ſam

CHAP. X.

the *Actions*, *Humours*, and *Customs* of common Life.

Q. What do you mean by *Dramatic* Poetry?

A. That which is written for the Stage is called *Dramatic*, from *Drama*, a *Greek* Word signifying *Action*, or what we popularly call a *Play*.

Q. What is the Design of *Comedy*?

A. To make Vice and Folly appear ridiculous, and to recommend Virtue, not so much by *Description* as *personal Action*, being represented by Persons on a Stage, that the Spectators may see and be ashamed of those Failings in others, which they are too apt to overlook or excuse in themselves: In a Word, Comedy is intended at once to

than ſtaying to be ſlain in Battle? It is generally allow'd, that a well-conducted Retreat is almoſt as honourable as a Victory; but perhaps the Wiſdom of running away from an Enemy was never proved by ſuch Arguments as are contain'd in the following Lines:

——I with Reaſon choſe
This Stratagem t'amuſe our Foes,
To make an hon'rable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure Defeat:
For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another Day,
But he who is in Battle ſlain
Can never riſe and fight again.
Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct in the martial Art;
By which ſome glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by breaking thrive;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil.
'Tis held the gallant'ſt Courſe and braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt,
That ſpares th' Expence of Time and Pains,
And dang'rous beating out of Brains;

And in the End prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune,
To make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this Means, when a Battle's won,
The War's as far from being done;
For thoſe that ſave themſelves and fly,
Go Halves, at leaſt, i'th'Victory;
And ſometimes when the Loſs is ſmall,
And Danger great, they challenge all;
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious Haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bonfires, and at home
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome:
To ſet the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Diſperſe the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works and with Bells:

And tho' reduc'd to that Extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*,
Yet with religious Blaſphemy,
By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie,
And for their Beating giving Thanks,
They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Bank
For thoſe who run from th' Enemy
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Of COMEDY.

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Q. Are Comedies written in Verse?

A. They were formerly, but our *English* Writers have now laid aside that Practice; for as the Characters in

Comedy are taken from ordinary and private Life, it ſeems unnatural to make ſuch Perſons ſpeak in Verſe.

Q. What Things are reckon'd eſſential to *Comedy?*

A. The *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*.

Q. What is meant by the *Fable?*

A. It is the *Subject-Matter* of the Poem, the Foundation of the whole Compoſition, or what we uſually call the *Plot*. As this is the chief thing in a Play, the Poet's firſt and principal Care ought to be employed in the Contrivance of it; that it be not ſeen through all at once, but open itſelf gradually, till it end in a happy Diſcovery; and that the ſeveral *Incidents*, or particular Actions, may ſeem naturally to produce each other, and be all ſubſervient to promote the main Deſign.

Q. What is meant by the *Manners* in Comedy?

A. The

A. The *Manners* in Comedy, or other Poetry, denote the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *Humour* which the Poet gives to his Perſons, and whereby he diſtinguiſhes his Characters. The *Manners* are ſaid to be *good* when they are well expreſſed, that is, when the Diſcourſe of the Perſons plainly diſcovers their Inclinations, and what Reſolutions they will certainly purſue. In Characters taken from Hiſtory, the Poet muſt preſerve a *Likeneſs* of Manners; that is, he muſt not give a Perſon any Quality contrary to thoſe which Hiſtory has given him. It is alſo required, that the *Manners* be *ſuitable* to the Age, Sex, Rank, Climate, and Condition of the Perſon to whom they are attributed. And they muſt be *equal*, that is, conſtant or conſiſtent through the whole Character: The *Fearful* muſt never be *Brave*, the *Avaritious* muſt never be *Liberal*, nor on the contrary. In this reſpect *Shake-*

ſpear's Manners are admirable, and ought to be carefully ſtudied: Add to this, that the Manners ſhould be *neceſſary*; that is, no vicious Quality or Inclination ſhould be given to any Perſon in a Play, unleſs it be requiſite to the carrying on of the Action. Upon the whole, the Poet muſt look into Nature, muſt ſtudy Mankind, and from thence draw the Proprieties of Characters or Manners.

Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, has ſo juſtly deſcribed the Manners that are ſuitable to the ſeveral Stages of Life, that a Poet ſhould always have them in his View. The Paſſage is ſuch a beautiful Picture of human Nature, that I cannot forbear giving the Reader a Copy of it from the Earl of *Roſcommon*'s excellent Tranſlation.

One that has newly learnt to *ſpeak* and *go*
Loves *childiſh* Plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,

And

And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
A *Youth*, that firſt caſts off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horſes, Hounds, and Sports, and Exer-
ciſe;
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and Ambition rule our *riper Years*,
And make us Slaves to Intereſt and Pow'r.
Old Men are only walking Hoſpitals,
Where all Defects and all Diſeaſes crowd,
With reſtleſs Pain, and more tormenting Fear;
Lazy, moroſe, full of Delays and Hopes,
Oppreſs'd with Riches which they dare not
uſe?
Ill-natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And fond of all the Follies of the paſt.
Thus all the Treaſure of our flowing Years
Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious Cares of
Men,
Nor *Men* the weak Anxieties of *Age*.

As to what we call *Humour*, it is uſually look'd on as peculiar to the *Engliſh* Drama; at leaſt our Comic Poets have excelled therein, and carried it beyond thoſe of any other Na-

tion. By *Humour* is meant ſome extravagant *Habit*, *Paſſion*, or *Affection*, by the Oddneſs whereof a Perſon is diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of Men; which being repreſented in a lively and natural Manner, moſt frequently begets that Pleaſure in the Audience which is teſtified by Laughter. The Critics conſider *Humour* as a ſubordinate or weaker Paſſion, chiefly found among the lower Sort of People, whoſe Characters are therefore fitteſt for *Comedy*, in which *Humour* is reckoned the trueſt *Wit*. The Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, a very good Judge of theſe Matters, makes *Humour* to be all in all: *Wit*, according to him, ſhould never be uſed but to add an Agreeableneſs to ſome juſt and proper Sentiment, which, for want of ſuch a Turn, might paſs without its Effect.

That ſilly Thing Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,
With which our Age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd:

Humour

Humour is all; *Wit* ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper Thought.

Q. What is to be obſerved with regard to the *Sentiments* in Dramatic Writings?

A. The Poet muſt take Care that they agree with the *Manners* of his Characters. In order to this, he muſt not be content to look into his own Mind, to ſee what he himſelf would think in any Conjuncture or Circumſtance; but he muſt conſider the Temper, the Quality, the prevailing Paſſion of the Perſon whoſe Character he is to draw; he himſelf muſt aſſume, as it were, the *Manners* of that Perſon, and then make him think and ſpeak as it is probable ſuch a one would really do on any Subject or Occaſion. This requires a thorough Knowledge of Nature, a ſtrong Imagination, and a great Genius.

Q. What

Q. What Rules have you concerning *Diction?*

A. The Stile of *Comedy* ſhould be *pure* and *neat*, but *ſimple* and *familiar*; neither above the Reach of ordinary Capacities, nor ſullied with baſe and vulgar Expreſſions. In all Dramatic Writings the *Language* ſhould naturally expreſs the *Sentiments*, and be agreeable to the *Character* of the Speaker, as *Horace* has well obſerved:

You muſt take care, and uſe quite diff'rent Words
When *Servants* ſpeak, or their commanding *Lords*;
When grave *old Men*, or head-ſtrong *Youths* diſcourſe,
When ſtately *Matrons*, or a buſy *Nurſe:*
A cheating *Tradeſman*, or a lab'ring *Clown*,
A *Greek* or *Aſian*, bred at *Court* or *Town*.

Q. Into what Parts is a Comedy generally divided?

A. The Parts of a Comedy are four, *viz.*

viz. (1.) The *Protaſis*, or *Entrance*, which proceeds very little into the Action, but ſhews us the Characters of the Perſons. (2.) The *Epitaſis*, or *Working-up of the Plot*, wherein the Play grows warmer, the Deſign or Action draws on and thickens, and we ſee ſomething promiſing. (3.) The *Cataſtaſis*, or *Full-Growth* of the Plot, which is now brought to its greateſt Height; but here the Play takes what we may call a *Counter-Turn*, our Expectation is deſtroy'd, and the Action embroil'd in new Difficulties. (4.) The *Cataſtrophe*, which we call the *Diſcovery* or *Unravelling* of the Plot, wherein we ſee all Things ſettling again upon their firſt Foundations, and terminating in an unexpected happy Iſſue.

Q. Is there no other Diviſion of a Comedy?

A. Yes, it is divided into five Parts called *Acts*; and every Play that has more

more or leſs than five is reckoned irregular. This was a Dramatic Law in *Horace*'s Time, and ſtands unrepealed to this Day; tho' it ſeems to draw its Force from the Authority of *Antiquity*, rather than that of *Reaſon* or *Nature*. However, ſome pretend that every juſt Action conſiſts of five diſtinct Parts, and accordingly aſſign one to each Act in a Play. The firſt, ſay they, propoſes the Matter or Argument of the Fable, and ſhews the principal Characters. The ſecond proceeds into the Affair or Buſineſs. The third furniſhes Obſtacles and Difficulties. The fourth either removes thoſe Difficulties, or finds new ones in the Attempt. The fifth puts an End to all by a fortunate Diſcovery.

Q. Of what Uſe is this Diviſion of a Play into ſeveral *Acts*?

A. It is contrived to give a Reſpite or Breathing-time both to the Actors and Spectators; for in the Interval between

tween the Acts, the Stage remains empty, and without any visible Action, tho' it is supposed all the while there is one carrying on out of Sight. This Division, however, is not made purely for the sake of the Respite, but to give Things a greater Degree of Probability, and render the Intrigue more affecting. Add to this, that Authors contrive to have the most dry and difficult Parts of the Drama transacted between the Acts, that the Spectators may have no Notion of these but what their Fancy presents them with at a Distance, and that nothing may appear on the Stage but what is natural and entertaining.

Q. Are not the *Acts* of a Play divided into lesser Parts?

A. Yes, they are divided into *Scenes*, the Number whereof is not fixed, either by Reason or Experience, but depends on the Business to be done in each

each Act, and the Number of Perſons to be employed.—Here it is proper to take notice, that in moſt of our printed Plays a new *Scene* is never expreſſed to begin, but when the Place of Action is ſuppoſed to be changed by ſhifting the moveable Scene in the Repreſentation; whereas a Scene, conſidered as a Diviſion of an Act, is properly ſo much of it as is ſpoken or acted by any Number of Perſons preſent upon the Stage at the ſame Time. Whenever, therefore, a new Actor appears, or an old one diſappears, the Action being changed into other Hands, a new Scene then commences. It is one of the Laws of the Drama, tho' not ſufficiently obſerved, that the Scenes be well connected, *i. e.* that they ſucceed one another in ſuch Manner that the Stage be never left quite empty till the End of the Act.

The Reader may perhaps expect, from

from the Method we have hitherto obſerved, that we ſhould now give him a Specimen of this Sort of Dramatic Poetry; but as Pieces written for the Stage are much too long for the Compaſs of our preſent Undertaking, we can only refer him to the Works of *Shakeſpear*, that great Maſter of Nature, and thoſe of *Ben Johnſon*, who was a careful Obſerver of the Laws of the *Drama*, and perhaps the moſt learned, judicious, and correct of all our Comic Poets. — We now proceed to *Tragedy*.

CHAP. XI.

Of TRAGEDY.

Q. WHAT is *Tragedy?*

A. It is a *dramatic Poem* repreſenting ſome *ſignal Action* perform

formed by *illuſtrious Perſons*, and which has frequently a fatal Iſſue: Or, (if you like *Ariſtotle*'s Definition of it better) it is the *Imitation* of one *grave* and *entire Action*, of a juſt Length, and which, without the Aſſiſtance of *Narration*, raiſes in us *Pity* and *Terror*, and refines and purges the Paſſions.

Q. What is meant by *refining* the Paſſions?

A. The reducing them to proper Bounds; for Tragedy, by ſhewing the Miſeries that attend the Subjection to them, teaches us to watch them more narrowly; and by ſeeing the great Misfortunes of others, the Senſe of our own is leſſened. Writings of this Kind tend to cheriſh and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature: They ſoften Inſolence, ſooth Affliction, and ſubdue the Mind to the Diſpenſations of Providence.

Q. Are Tragedies written in Verſe?

A. Our

A. Our Tragedies are generally written in *Blank* Verſe, which is a due Medium between *Proſe* and *Rhyme*, and ſeems wonderfully adapted to this Kind of *Drama*.

Q. Is Rhyme never to be uſed in Tragedy?

A. Yes, the Poet frequently ends his Play, or perhaps every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which have an agreeable Effect, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*.

Q. What are the *Eſſentials* of Tragedy?

A. In Tragedy, as well as Comedy, the eſſential Parts are the *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, and *Diction*.

The *Fable* is of Tragedy the End,
To which the *grand Deſign* does wholly tend.
The Poet here employs his Care and Art
To move the Paſſions, and incline the Heart:
But if, in labour'd Acts, the pleaſing Rage
Cannot by Turns our *Hopes* and *Fears* engage,

Nor in our Minds a *feeling Pity* raiſe,
In vain with learned Scenes he fills his Plays.

As the *Fable*, or *main Plot*, conſiſts of many *Incidents* or *Scenes*, the Poet ſhould make a Draught of theſe before he begins to write, wherein he ſhould mark all the fine Touches of the Paſſions, and the admirable Turns that produce them: And having thus the whole Plan before him, he will the better diſcover and correct its Faults, before he proceeds to the Execution of it. This is a Rule laid down by the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, who ſays,

Beſide the *main Deſign* compos'd with Art,
Each *moving Scene* muſt have a *Plot* apart;
Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place
As Painters firſt chalk out the future Face:
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.

Such *Incidents* as are moſt productive of *Terror* and *Compaſſion* are moſt prope

proper for *Tragedy*. Theſe are ſuch as happen among Friends or Relations; as when a *Brother* kills, or is going to kill a *Brother*, a *Father* or *Mother* their *Son*, or the *Son* his *Father* or *Mother*, and the like. We may diſtinguiſh theſe Incidents into three Kinds: The firſt, when a Perſon has a perfect Knowledge of what he does, or intends to do: The ſecond, when the Actor does not know the Heinouſneſs of his Action till after it is done: And the third, when one Perſon is going to kill another that is unknown to him, and is prevented by a Diſcovery of their Relation and Friendſhip. Incidents of this laſt Sort are the moſt beautiful; the firſt have ſomething too *horrible*; but the ſecond are agreeable enough, for the Crime being committed through *Ignorance*, there is nothing in it flagitious or inhuman, and the Diſcovery is extremely affecting.

This naturally leads me to obſerve, that all Incidents are not to be repreſented on the Stage. Thoſe that are *ſhocking*, are better tranſacted behind the Scenes, as that of *Medea*'s murdering her Children, and ſuch like Barbarities, which have too much *Horror* in them to be viewed by an Audience that does not delight in Cruelty and Bloodſhed. Add to this, that in all the *Incidents*, as well as in the *main Fable*, the Poet ſhould always keep within the Bounds of *Probability*.

Q. What have you to ſay concerning the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction* of Tragedy?

A. As to the *Manners*, it is ſufficient to refer to what has been ſaid upon that Subject under the Head of *Comedy*. What I have there obſerv'd with regard to the *Sentiments*, ſhould likewiſe be attended to; the Subſtance of which is well expreſs'd in the following Lines:

The

The Poet ſtill muſt look within to find
The ſecret Turns of Nature in the Mind.
He muſt be ſad, be proud, and in a Storm,
And to each Character his Mind conform:
The *Proteus* muſt all Shapes, all Paſſions wear,
If he would have *juſt Sentiments* appear.

With reſpect to the *Diction*, it muſt be adapted to the *Sentiments* and *Characters*; and therefore the Stile of Tragedy ſhould not always be *equal* and *uniform*, but judiciouſly *diverſified*. Care muſt be taken to make every *Paſſion* ſpeak a Language ſuitable to its Nature: *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty Expreſſions, but talks in Words leſs fierce and fiery as it abates: *Grief* is more humble, and uſes a Language like itſelf, *dejected*, *plain*, and *ſorrowful*.

Wiſe Nature by Variety does pleaſe,
And diff'ring Paſſions wear a diff'ring Dreſs.
Bold *Anger* in rough haughty Words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in Tears.

Make not your *Hecuba* with Fury rage,
And ſhew a ranting Grief upon the Stage.
In Sorrow you muſt ſofter Methods keep,
And, to excite our Tears, yourſelf muſt weep.
Thoſe bombaſt Words, with which bad Plays abound,
Come not from Hearts that are in Sadneſs drown'd.

Q. Are there any other Rules of Importance to be obſerv'd in Dramatic Writings?

A. Yes; the Critics require three *Unities* to be obſerv'd in every regular Play, *viz.* thoſe of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*. By the *Unity of Action* they mean, that *one* great Action is to be carried on throughout the Play, on which all the *under* Actions muſt depend, and which they muſt all have a Tendency to promote. For, ſay they, if two Actions be equally labour'd and driven on by the Poet, the Unity of the Piece will be deſtroy'd, and it will be

be no longer one Play, but two. The Action muſt alſo have a *Beginning*, *Middle* and *End*; which F. *Boſſu*, a celebrated *French* Critic, thus explains: The Cauſes and Deſigns of undertaking an Action are the *Beginning*; the Effects of thoſe Cauſes, and the Difficulties met with in the Execution of it, are the *Middle*; and the unravelling and removing theſe Difficulties is the *End*.

By *Unity of Time* (ſtrictly ſpeaking) is meant, that all the Tranſactions repreſented in a Play may naturally be ſuppoſed to have paſſed in as little Time as is taken up in the Repreſentation. This Rule indeed is very ſeldom obſerved by Dramatic Poets; and the Critics are not agreed about the Matter, ſome allowing *twenty four* Hours, others *twelve*, and others but *four* or *five* for the Time of the Action. But as every Play ought to be a *juſt Imita-*

tion of *Nature*, the greater the *Likeneſs* in this Particular, as well as others the more perfect the Piece muſt be eſteemed.

What is meant by *Unity of Place* is, that the Scene ſhould never be ſhifted throughout the Play, but remain in the ſame Place where it was laid at the Beginning. This indeed would be to keep cloſe to Nature and Probability, for what is repreſented on the ſame *Stage*, which is never moved, ſhould be ſuppoſed to have paſs'd in the ſame Houſe, and the ſame Apartment. But as this Reſtraint would cramp the Poet too much, and would ſuit very ill with Abundance of Subjects, the *Unity of Place* is allow'd to be ſufficiently obſerved, if the Action is confin'd to the ſame Town or City: The Scene, however, ought never to be changed in the Middle of an Act. In general, the *French* (in Imitation of the Ancients) obſerve

obſerve this Law more ſtrictly than the *Engliſh*; but the more judicious and accurate of our Writers take Care not to deviate too far from Probability, by ſhifting the Scene between the *Acts*, much farther than the Perſons concern'd may be ſuppoſed to have gone in the Interval, and therefore ſeldom carry it out of the ſame Town. Others have no Regard at all to *Unity of Place*; and moſt of our great *Shakeſpeare*'s Plays are faulty in this Reſpect.

Q. What *Characters* are moſt proper for *Tragedy?*

A. Thoſe which are neither *conſummately virtuous* and *innocent*, nor *ſcandalouſly wicked.* To make a perfectly good Man unhappy excites *Horror*, not *Terror*, nor *Compaſſion:* To puniſh a notorious Criminal gives us a Sort of Satisfaction, but neither creates *Fear* nor *Pity*, which is the Buſineſs of Tragedy. The Poet ſhould not make a

Perſon

Perſon draw his Misfortunes on himſelf by *ſuperlative Wickedneſs*, but by ſome *involuntary* Fault, either committed through *Ignorance*, or the Tranſport of a *violent Paſſion*. Hear what the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire* ſays upon this Subject:

Reject that vulgar Error, which appears
So fair, of making *perfect Characters.*
There's no ſuch Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A *faultleſs Monſter*, which the World ne'er ſaw.
Some Faults muſt be, which his Misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve Compaſſion too.

Q. Is a Tragedy always to end with the Misfortunes of ſome principal Perſon?

A. No, ſometimes it may have a happy *Cataſtrophe*; and ſometimes a *double* one, that is, happy for the *Good* and unhappy for the *Guilty*; but the

ſing

ſingle and *unfortunate* Cataſtrophe is reckon'd the beſt, as it is moſt likely to produce *Terror* and *Compaſſion*. — It is a Diſpute indeed among the Critics, whether *Virtue* ſhould *always* be rewarded, and *Vice* puniſh'd in the Cataſtrophe of a Tragedy; but the Reaſons on the negative Side ſeem the ſtrongeſt.

Q. In what manner is the *Plot* or *Fable* of a Play generally unravell'd?

A. By ſome accidental *Diſcovery* of the *Name*, *Fortune*, *Quality*, or other Circumſtances of a principal Perſon, before unknown. Thoſe *Diſcoveries*, which are immediately follow'd by a Change of the Fortune or Condition of ſome chief Character, are the moſt beautiful, and have the beſt Effect upon the Audience. There are ſeveral Sorts of *Diſcoveries*: Firſt, by certain *Marks* in the Body, either natural or accidental; ſuch as that of *Ulyſſes*, who having received

received a Wound in his Thigh by a Boar, before the *Trojan* War, is discovered by the old Nurse upon washing his Legs after his Return home *incognito*. Secondly, by *Tokens*; as the Casket of Things, which the Priest found with *Ion*, when he was exposed, discovers *Creusa*, whom he was going to kill, to be his Mother. Thirdly, by *Remembrance*; that is, when the Sight or Hearing of any Thing occasions us to recollect our Misfortunes: Thus, when *Ulysses* heard *Demodocus* sing his Actions at the Siege of *Troy*, the Memory of them so affected him that he could not refrain from Tears, which discover'd him to *Alcinous*. But the finest *Discoveries* are those which arise from the *Subject*, or *Incidents* of the Fable; as that of *Oedipus* from his excessive Curiosity; or that of *Orestes*, when he discovers *Iphigenia* by a Letter

sent

ſent by *Pylades*, which it was natural for her to ſend on that Occaſion.

Thus I have laid down the chief Rules and Obſervations relating to the *Drama*, as they have been deliver'd to us by the greateſt Critics ancient and modern: but the Reader will excuſe my not giving him an Example of *Tragedy*, for the Reaſon mentioned at the Concluſion of the foregoing Chapter. Whoever would thoroughly underſtand the Nature of this Part of *Dramatic Poeſy*, let him carefully ſtudy *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, *Lee*, *Rowe*, *Dryden*, and other Tragic Writers of eſtabliſh'd Reputation. — We now come to the *Epic* Poem, the moſt difficult of all others.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of the EPIC *or* HEROIC *Poem.*

Q. WHAT is an *Epic* Poem?

A. It is a Diſcourſe invented with *Art*, to form the *Manners*, by Inſtructions diſguiſed under the *Allegory* of an *important Action*, related in *Verſe*, in a *probable*, *entertaining*, and *ſurpriſing* Manner.

Q. What diſtinguiſhes an *Epic* from a *Dramatic* Poem?

A. Its being a *Narration*, that is *related* by the Poet, not *acted* by Perſons introduced for that Purpoſe.

Q. Which are the chief Things to be conſider'd in an *Epic* Poem?

A. The firſt is the *Fable*, that is the *Form* and artful Repreſentation of the *Action*, which is the *Matter* of the Poem

Poem; and as the Action is more or leſs perfect, ſo is the Fable. The Action in an Epic Poem, as well as in Tragedy muſt be *One*, not all the Actions of a Perſon's Life; and on this principal Action muſt all the *Epiſodes*, or *Under Actions*, be dependent. It muſt likewiſe be *entire*, that is, compleat in all its Parts; or, as *Ariſtotle* deſcribes it, have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*. Nothing ſhould go before, be intermix'd with, or follow this main Action, but what is related to it; nor ſhould any ſingle Step be omitted in that juſt and regular Proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its Origin to its Conſummation. The *Epic* Action ought alſo to be *great*, ſuitable to the Dignity of *Princes*, *Heroes*, and *Illuſtrious Perſons*, and to the very Nature of an *Heroic* Poem. As to its *Duration*, it is not circumſcrib'd within any limited Time; but the warmer

and

and more violent the Action is, the less must be its Continuance: Thus the *Iliad*, whose Subject is the Anger of *Achilles*, contains only forty seven Days; but the *Æneid*, whose Hero is of a quite different Character, takes up almost seven Years.

Q. What are the Rules relating to the *Manners*, *Sentiments* and *Diction* of an Heroic Poem?

A. The *Manners* and *Sentiments* fall under the same Rules as those of *Tragedy*: And as to the *Diction*, it ought to be *perspicuous*, but at the same time *figurative*, *noble*, and *sublime*. —— See M. *Boileau*'s Thoughts upon Epic Poetry in the following Verses:

Would you your Reader never should be tir'd?
Choose some great *Hero* fit to be admir'd,
In Courage signal, and in Virtue bright;
Let ev'n his Imperfections give Delight;

Let his great Actions our Attention bind:
Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his Mind;
And not like *Oedipus*'s perjur'd Race:
A common Conqueror is a Theme too base.
Be your Beginning plain, and take good Heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy Steed;
For tell your Reader, in a thund'ring Verse,
I sing the Conqueror of the Universe.
What can an Author after this produce?
The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.
Choose not your *Tale* of *Incidents* too full;
Too much Variety may make it dull.
Achilles' Rage alone, when wrought with Skill,
Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.
Be your Narrations *lively*, *short*, and *smart*;
In your Descriptions shew your noblest Art:
'Tis there your Poetry may be employ'd;
But ev'ry trivial Circumstance avoid.
Let no mean Objects stay the curious Sight;
Allow your Work a just and noble Flight.
With *Figures* numberless your Story grace,
And ev'ry Thing in beauteous Colours trace:
At once you may be *pleasing* and *sublime*,
And scorn a *heavy melancholy Rhyme*.

Thus

Thus *Homer*'s Works vaſt Treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to Gold.
All in his Hands new Beauty does acquire,
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy Warmth he ev'ry where may boaſt,
Nor is he in two long Digreſſions loſt.
His Verſes without Rule a Method find,
And of themſelves appear in Order join'd.
All without Trouble anſwers his Intent,
Each Syllable ſtill tending to th' Event.
Let his Example your Endeavours raiſe;
To love his Writings is a Kind of Praiſe.

To ſay much more upon this Subject would ſwell our Work beyond its intended Size, and be of very little Service to the Generality of Readers. the *Epic Poem* being not to be undertaken but by a moſt *elevated* and *uncommon* Genius, ſuch a one as does not appear in the World in the Compaſs of many Ages. *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and *Taſſo*, are the chief, if not the only Epic Poets that three thouſand Years have produced;

roduced; for tho' ſeveral others have ttempted this ſublime Species of Poe-y, they have only ſhewn their own aſhneſs, and how unequal they were o ſuch an arduous Enterprize.

The Length of an Epic Poem does ot permit me to inſert one here; but cannot leave the Subject without noting a few Paſſages from *Homer*, *irgil*, and *Milton*, to give the Reader Taſte, as it were, of the innumerable eauties of their wonderful Perfor-ances. That *Epiſode*, wherein *Hector*, efore he engages, takes leave of his ife *Andromache*, and embraces his oung Son *Aſtyanax*, is one of the moſt autiful and pathetic in the whole *iad*, the Poet having there aſſembled l that *Love*, *Grief* and *Compaſſion* uld inſpire, and ſhewn that his Geni-was no leſs capable of touching the eart with Tenderneſs, than of firing with Glory. *Hector* not finding *An-*

dromache at home, is haſtening to th
Field, and accidentally meets her a
one of the Gates of the City.

Hector, this heard, return'd without Delay;
Swift thro' the Town he trod his former Wa
Thro' Streets of Palaces and Walks of State
And met the Mourner at the *Scæan* Gate.
With Haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful Fair
His blameleſs Wife, *Action*'s wealthy Heir;
The Nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe Embrace
preſt,
His only Hope hung ſmiling at her Breaſt,
Whom each ſoft Charm and early Grace adorn
Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn
Silent the Warrior ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'
To tender Paſſions all his mighty Mind:
His beauteous Princeſs caſt a mournful Look
Hung on his Hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her Boſom labour'd with a boding Sigh,
And the big Tear ſtood trembling in her Ey
Too daring Prince! ah, whither doſt tho
run?
Ah too forgetful of thy Wife and Son!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſha
be,
A Widow I, an helpleſs Orphan he!

Fo

For ſure ſuch Courage Length of Life denies,
And thou muſt fall thy Virtue's Sacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle Heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now Hoſts oppoſe thee and thou muſt be ſlain?
Oh, grant me Gods, ere *Hector* meets his Doom,
All I can aſk of Heav'n, an early Tomb!
So ſhall my Days in one ſad Tenor run,
And end with Sorrows as they firſt begun.
No Parent now remains my Grief to ſhare,
No Father's Aid, no Mother's tender Care.

After having made a pretty long Digreſſion upon the Greatneſs of her paſt Calamities in the Loſs of her Parents and ſeven Brothers, ſhe thus proceeds:

Yet while my *Hector* ſtill ſurvives I ſee
My Father, Mother, Brethren, all in thee.
Alas! my Parents, Brothers, Kindred, all,
Once more will periſh if my *Hector* fall.
Thy Wife, thy Infant, in thy Danger ſhare:
Oh prove a Huſband's and a Father's Care!
Let others in the Field their Arms employ,
But ſtay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

Hector having anſwer'd *Andromache*

in a Manner equally noble and affectionate,

——Th' illuſtrious Chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond Arms to claſp the lovely Boy.
The Babe clung crying to his Nurſe's Breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling Helm and nodding Creſt.
With ſecret Pleaſure each fond Parent ſmil'd,
And *Hector* haſted to relieve his Child.
The glitt'ring Terrors from his Brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming Helmet on the Ground:
Then kiſs'd the Child, and lifting high in Air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a Father's Pray'r.
O thou whoſe Glory fills th' æthereal Throne,
And all ye deathleſs Pow'rs, protect my Son!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt Renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the Crown,
Againſt his Country's Foes the War to wage,
And riſe the *Hector* of the future Age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful Toils,
Of Heroes ſlain he bears the reeking Spoils,
Whole Hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd Acclaim,
And ſay, This Chief tranſcends his Father's Fame;

While

While, pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral Shouts of *Troy*,
His Mother's conſcious Heart o'erflows with Joy.

He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her Charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing Burden to her Arms:
Soft on her fragrant Breaſt the Babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to Repoſe, and with a Smile ſurvey'd;
The troubled Pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by Fear,
She mingled with the Smile a tender Tear.

Never (as the excellent Tranſlator obſerves) was a finer Piece of Painting than this. *Hector* extends his Arms to embrace his Child, who, affrighted at the Glittering of his Helmet and the Nodding of the Plume, ſhrinks back into the Boſom of his Nurſe. The Chief unbraces his Helmet, lays it on the Ground, takes the Infant in his Arms, lifts him towards Heaven, and offers a Prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to his Mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a Smile of Pleaſure, but at the ſame Time her

Fears for her Husband make her burst into Tears. After another short Speech, wherein *Hector* endeavours to allay his Wife's Affliction, and advises her to mind her domestic Employments, while he obeys the Call of Honour, and acts in the proper Character of a Hero,

— — The glorious Chief resumes
His tow'ry Helmet, black with shading Plumes;
His Princess parts with a prophetic Sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her Eye
That stream'd at ev'ry Look, then, moving slow,
Sought her own Palace, and indulg'd her Woe.

I now come to *Virgil*, who has copied many of *Homer*'s Beauties, and frequently surpass'd the Original. It is not my Business to enter into a Comparison between these two Poets, or to determine which is the noblest and most perfect

perfect Compoſition of the Kind, the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Each Poet has his peculiar Character and Excellencies; and if *Homer* had more *Fire* and Fertility of *Invention*, it is allow'd that *Virgil* far exceeded him in the Accuracy of his *Judgment*. — But to purſue our preſent Deſign: The firſt Paſſage I ſhall take from *Virgil*, (I mean from Mr. *Pitt*'s excellent Tranſlation) is that noble Deſcription of a Storm which *Æolus* raiſes at the Requeſt of *Juno*, in order to deſtroy *Æneas*'s Fleet. The God having pierced with his Spear the Mountain where the Winds were kept in Confinement, they ruſh out with the utmoſt Impetuoſity and Fury.

The Winds, embattled, as the Mountain rent,
Blew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent:
Earth, in their Courſe, with giddy Whirls they ſweep,
Aſh to the Seas, and bare the Boſom of the Deep:
Eaſt,

East, West, and South, all black with Tempests, roar,
And roll vast Billows to the trembling Shore.
The Cordage cracks; with unavailing Cries
The *Trojans* mourn, while sudden Clouds arise,
And ravish from their Sight the Splendor of the Skies.
Night hovers o'er the Floods; the Day retires;
The Heav'ns flash thick with momentary Fires:
Loud Thunders shake the Poles; from ev'ry Place
Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Face.

The Account of *Neptune*'s appeasing the Storm, and the Simile introduced by the Poet on that Occasion, are likewise extremely beautiful.

He spoke, and speaking chas'd the Clouds away,
Hush'd the loud Billows, and restor'd the Day.
With his huge Trident the majestic God
Clear'd the wild *Syrtes*, and compos'd the Flood:

Then mounted on his radiant Car he rides,
And wheels along the Level of the Tides.
As when Sedition fires th' ignoble Crowd,
And the wild Rabble ſtorms, and thirſts for Blood,
Of Stones and Brands a mingled Tempeſt flies,
With all the ſudden Arms that Rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave Sire appears amid the Strife,
In Morals ſtrict and Innocence of Life,
All ſtand attentive, while the Sage controuls
Their Wrath, and calms the Tumult of their Souls.
So did the roaring Deeps their Rage compoſe,
When the great Father of the Floods aroſe.
Rapt by his Steeds, he flies in open Day,
Throws up the Reins, and ſkims the wat'ry Way.

Virgil's Deſcription of the Silence of the Night, in the fourth Book of the *Æneid*, is deſervedly admired, being one of the moſt elegant and natural in the whole Poem.

'Twas Night; and, weary with the Toils of Day,
In ſoft Repoſe the whole Creation lay.

The

The Murmurs of the Groves and Surges die,
The Stars roll ſolemn thro' the glowing Sky;
Wide o'er the Fields a brooding Silence reigns,
The Flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flow'ry Plains;
The furious Savages that haunt the Woods,
The painted Birds, the Fiſhes of the Floods;
All, all, beneath the gen'ral Darkneſs ſhare,
In Sleep a ſoft Forgetfulneſs of Care.

Let us now look into *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, a Work which is an Honour to our Country, and is at leaſt equal to either the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* in all the Beauties that are eſſential to Epic Poetry. As *Milton*'s Genius (ſays Mr. *Addiſon*) was wonderfully turn'd to the Sublime, his Subject is the nobleſt that could have enter'd into the Mind of Man. Every Thing that is truly great and aſtoniſhing has a Place in it: The whole Syſtem of the intellectual World, the Chaos, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth, and Hell, enter into the Conſtitution of his Poem: The Greatneſs of

his Thoughts is anſwerable to the Greatneſs of his Subject; and by a Choice of the nobleſt Words and Phraſes, he has carried our Language to a higher Pitch than any *Engliſh* Poet ever did before him, and made the Sublimity of his Style equal to that of his Sentiments. He has likewiſe enrich'd our Language with ſeveral Words of his own coining, eſpecially *compound Epithets*, in which he ſeems to have imitated *Homer*. And here let me obſerve, that *Epithets* judiciouſly choſen and properly applied are ſome of the moſt agreeable Ornaments of Poetry, which without them would be *feleſs* and inſipid; but then, I ſay, hey muſt be uſed with Diſcretion and ited to the Nature of the Subject, ot forced into the Verſe merely to elp out the Meaſure, without any itneſs or Propriety; of which Fault, I am not miſtaken, *Homer* is too ofn guilty.

As

As *Milton*'s Poem is written in *Blank Verſe*, he has naturaliz'd ſeveral foreign Modes of Speech, which Rhyme will ſeldom admit of; as placing the Adjective after the Subſtantive, and other Tranſpoſitions. This Turn of Expreſſion is not only agreeable to the Practice of the Ancients, but even in the *Engliſh* Language, adds much to the Grandeur and Majeſty of a Poem, when managed with Care and Judgment. The Poet has alſo interſpers'd ſeveral old Words throughout his Work, which makes it appear the more venerable, and gives it the greater Air of Antiquity. Upon the whole, *Milton*'s Stile is admirable, tho' in ſome Places it has too much Stiffneſs and Obſcurity.—But let him ſpeak for himſelf.

In the firſt Book of this Poem, after the dreadful Overthrow and Fall of

the Angels from Heaven, we have a Deſcription of *Satan*'s Poſture on the burning Lake, his riſing from it, and his Shield and Spear, which is an Inſtance of the Poet's lofty Imagination, and ſufficient to ſtrike Terror into the Mind of the Reader.

Thus *Satan* talking to his neareſt Mate,
With Head up-lift above the Wave, and Eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſide
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood — —
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing Spires, and roll'd
In Billows, leave i'th'Midſt a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded Wings he ſteers his Flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky Air
That felt unuſual Weight———
— — His pond'rous Shield,
Ethereal Temper, maſſy, large, and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad Circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whoſe Orb

Thro'

Thro' Optic Glaſs the *Tuſcan* Artiſts view
At Ev'ning, from the Top of *Feſole*,
Or in *Valderno*, to deſcry new Lands,
Rivers, or Mountains, on her ſpotted Globe.
His Spear (to equal which the talleſt Pine,
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills to be the Maſt
Of ſome great Amiral, were but a Wand)
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy Steps
Over the burning Marl — —

Satan's Speech to the Sun is one of the fineſt that is aſcrib'd to him in the whole Poem, the Opening of which is very bold and noble.

O thou, that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the G
Of this new World; at whoſe Sight all t
Stars
Hide their diminiſh'd Heads; to thee I cal
But with no friendly Voice, and add thy Na
O *Sun!* to tell thee how I hate thy Beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from w
State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere

The Deſcription of *Satan* prepa
him

imſelf for Combat is truly ſublime, d equal to that of *Diſcord* in *Homer*, of *Fame* in *Virgil*.

— — *Satan* alarm'd,
llecting all his Might, dilated ſtood
ke *Teneriff*, or *Atlas*, unremov'd:
s Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Creſt
Horror plum'd — —

But perhaps there is not a greater ſtance of Sublimity in the whole em, (as an excellent Critic has ob- v'd) than where the *Meſſiah* is re- ſented at the Head of his Angels, calming the Confuſion of the *Chaos*, ing into the Midſt of it, and draw- the firſt Out-line of the Creation.

heav'nly Ground they ſtood, and from the Shore
y view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs,
rageous as a Sea, dark, waſteful, wild;
from the Bottom turn'd by furious Winds
ſurging Waves, as Mountains to aſſault

Heav'n's Height, and with the Centre mix t
Pole.
Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou De
Peace!
Said then th' omnific Word, *your Diſcord e*
Nor ſtay'd; but, on the Wings of Cherubi
Upliſted, in Pater nal Glory rode
Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
For *Chaos* heard his Voice. Him all his Tr
Follow'd in bright Proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of his Might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid Wheels, and in
Hand
He took the golden Compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal Store to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created Things.
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn
Round, through the vaſt Profundity obſcu
And ſaid, *Thus far extend, thus far thy Bo*
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World!

The *Meſſiah*'s Return into Hea
after having finiſh'd his great Wor
Creation, is repreſented with the f
wonderful Sublimity both of Se
ments and Expreſſion.

— —

— — The Creator from his Work
Deſiſting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high Abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
Th'Addition of his Empire, how it ſhew'd
In Proſpect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Anſw'ring his great Idea: Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thouſand Harps, that tun'd
Angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
Reſounding — — —
The Heav'ns and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in their Station liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright Pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting Gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; let in
The great Creator from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix Days Work, a World!

The Deſcription of *Adam* and *Eve* in their State of Innocence, as they firſt appear'd to *Satan*, is exquiſitely drawn; and well might the Poet repreſent the fallen Angel as gazing upon this happy Pair with Aſtoniſhment and Envy.

Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native Honour clad,
In naked Majesty, seem'd Lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their Looks divine
The Image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd:
For Contemplation *he* and Valour form'd,
For Softness *she* and sweet attractive Grace;
He for God only, *she* for God in him.
His fair large Front, and Eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute Rule; and Hyacinthine Locks
Round from his parted Forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waist
Her unadorned golden Tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no Ill:
So Hand in Hand they pass'd, the loveliest Pair
That ever since in Love's Embraces met.

After the Fall of our first Parents from their State of Innocence and Happiness, the Poet has fill'd their Speeches with such Sentiments as not only intereſt the Reader in their Afflictions

flictions, but raiſe in him the moſt melting Paſſions of Humanity and Commiſeration. Who can forbear ſympathizing with *Adam* in his Diſtreſs, whilſt he wiſhes for Death, and bewails his Exiſtence?

— — — — Why delays
His Hand to execute, what his Decree
Fix'd on this Day? Why do I over live?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To Deathleſs Pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my Mother's Lap! There ſhould I reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful Voice no more
Would thunder in my Ears; no fear of worſe
To me and to my Offspring would torment me
With cruel Expectation — —

The Complaint of *Eve*, upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the *Garden of Paradiſe*, is particularly beautiful; the Thoughts being full of

Softneſs, and ſuitable to a Woman's Character.

Muſt I then leave thee, *Paradiſe*? thus leave
Thee, native Soil, theſe happy Walks and Shades,
Fit Haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, tho' ſad, the Reſpite of that Day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Viſitation, and my laſt
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand
From the firſt op'ning Bud, and gave you Names;
Who now ſhall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th'ambroſial Fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial Bow'r by me adorn'd
With what to Sight or Smell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obſcure
And wild? How ſhall we breathe in other Air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal Fruits?

The

The Speech of *Adam* upon the ſa Occaſion abounds with Sentiments e qually moving, but of a more maſcu line and elevated Turn. The follow ing Paſſage in it is remarkably ſublime and poetical.

This moſt afflicts me, that depart'ng hence
As from his Face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed Count'nance. Here I could fre-
quent,
With Worſhip, Place by Place where he
vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine; and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood viſible, among theſe Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many graceful Altars I would rear
Of graſſy Turf, and pile up ev'ry Stone
Of Luſtre from the Brook, in Memory
Or Monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet-ſmelling Gums, and Fruits, and
Flow'rs.
In yonder nether World where ſhall I ſeek
His bright Appearances, or Footſteps trace?
For tho' I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To Life prolong'd, and promis'd Race, I now

Softneſs, and ſuitable to a Woman's Character.

Muſt I then leave thee, *Paradiſe*? thus leave
Thee, native Soil, theſe happy Walks and Shades,
Fit Haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, tho' ſad, the Reſpite of that Day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Viſitation, and my laſt
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand
From the firſt op'ning Bud, and gave you Names;
Who now ſhall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th'ambroſial Fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial Bow'r by me adorn'd
With what to Sight or Smell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obſcure
And wild? How ſhall we breathe in other Air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal Fruits?

The

The Speech of *Adam* upon the ſame Occaſion abounds with Sentiments equally moving, but of a more maſculine and elevated Turn. The following Paſſage in it is remarkably ſublime and poetical.

This moſt afflicts me, that depart'ng hence
As from his Face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed Count'nance. Here I could frequent,
With Worſhip, Place by Place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine; and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood viſible, among theſe Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many graceful Altars I would rear
Of graſſy Turf, and pile up ev'ry Stone
Of Luſtre from the Brook, in Memory
Or Monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet-ſmelling Gums, and Fruits, and Flow'rs.
In yonder nether World where ſhall I ſeek
His bright Appearances, or Footſteps trace?
For tho' I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To Life prolong'd, and promis'd Race, I now

Gladly behold tho' but his utmoſt Skirts
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.

I have now done with *Milton*; but I beg Leave (tho' perhaps it may ſeem foreign to the preſent Purpoſe) to cite one Paſſage from another of our Countrymen, I mean Mr. *Thomſon*, who has happily imitated the Stile and Numbers of *Milton*, as well as the Beauty and Sublimity of his Sentiments. — In his Poem call'd *Summer*, he thus finely deſcribes the Pleaſures of the Morning, and the Riſing of the Sun.

Falſely luxurious, will not *Man* awake;
And, ſpringing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent Hour,
To Meditation due, and ſacred Song?
For is there aught in Sleep can charm the
Wiſe?
To lie in dead Oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting Moments of too ſhort a Life?
Total Extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul!

Or elſe to fev'riſh Vanity alive,
Wilder'd and toſſing through diſtemper'd Dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy State remain
Longer than Nature craves, when ev'ry Muſe
And ev'ry blooming Pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious Morning-Walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the Eaſt. The leſs'ning Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aſſant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks in boundleſs Majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining Day, that burniſh'd plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Tow'rs, and wandring Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!
Of all material Beings firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent Robe!
Without whoſe reſting Beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential Gloom: And thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding Worlds, in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker, may I ſing of thee!

Thus

Thus I have gone through the Taſk I propoſed to myſelf, and have endeavour'd to give the Reader ſome Idea of every Species of Poetry that is worth his Notice. As to the *Acroſtic*, the *Echo*, and ſuch Kinds of falſe Wit, it would be ſpending Time to no Purpoſe to ſay any Thing about them.

FINIS.